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BAKER'S EDITION  
OF PLAYS

THE GRANGER



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# Plays for Amateur Theatricals.

BY GEORGE M. BAKER.

*Author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Social Stage," "The Drawing-Room Stage," "Handy Dramas," "The Exhibition Dramas," "A Baker's Dozen," etc.*

**Titles in this Type are New Plays.**

*Titles in this Type are Temperance Plays.*

## DRAMAS.

*In Four Acts.*

**Better than Gold.** 7 male, 4 female char. . . . . 25

*In Three Acts.*

**Our Folks.** 6 male, 5 female char. . . . . 15

**The Flower of the Family.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**ENLISTED FOR THE WAR.** 7 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**The Little Brown Jug.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

*In Two Acts.*

**Above the Clouds.** 7 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**One Hundred Years Ago.** 7 male, 4 female char. . . . . 15

**AMONG THE BREAKERS.** 6 male, 4 female char. . . . . 15

**BREAD ON THE WATERS.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**DOWN BY THE SEA.** 6 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**ONCE ON A TIME.** 4 male, 2 female char. . . . . 15

**The Last Loaf.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

*In One Act.*

**STAND BY THE FLAG.** 5 male char. . . . . 15

**The Tempter.** 3 male, 1 female char. . . . . 15

## COMEDIES AND FARCES.

**A Mysterious Disappearance.** 4 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**Paddle Your Own Canoe.** 7 male 3 female char. . . . . 15

**A Drop too Much.** 4 male, 2 female char. . . . . 15

**A Little More Cider.** 5 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**A THORN AMONG THE ROSES.** 2 male, 6 female char. . . . . 15

**NEVER SAY DIE.** 3 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**SEEING THE ELEPHANT.** 6 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**THE BOSTON DIP.** 4 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**THE DUCHESS OF DUBLIN.** 6 male, 4 female char. . . . . 15

**THIRTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS.** 4 male, 3 female char. . . . . 15

**We're all Teetotalers.** 4 male, 2 female char. . . . . 15

*Male Characters Only.*

**A CLOSE SHAVE.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**A PUBLIC BENEFACITOR.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**A SEA OF TROUBLES.** 8 char. . . . . 15

## COMEDIES, etc., continued.

*Male Characters Only.*

**A TENDER ATTACHMENT.** 7 char. . . . . 15

**COALS OF FIRE.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.** 8 char. . . . . 15

**Shall Our Mothers Vote?** 11 char. . . . . 15

**GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY.** 12 char. . . . . 15

**HUMORS OF THE STRIKE.** 8 char. . . . . 15

**MY UNCLE THE CAPTAIN.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**NEW BROOMS SWEEP CLEAN.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**THE GREAT ELIXIR.** 9 char. . . . . 15

**THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.** 3 char. . . . . 15

**The Man with the Demijohn.** 4 char. . . . . 15

**THE RUNAWAYS.** 4 char. . . . . 15

**THE THIEF OF TIME.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**WANTED, A MALE COOK.** 4 char. . . . . 15

*Female Characters Only.*

**A LOVE OF A BONNET.** 5 char. . . . . 15

**A PRECIOUS PICKLE.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**NO CURE NO PAY.** 7 char. . . . . 15

**THE CHAMPION OF HER SEX.** 8 char. . . . . 15

**THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE.** 8 char. . . . . 15

**THE GRECIAN BEND.** 7 char. . . . . 15

**THE RED CHIGNON.** 6 char. . . . . 15

**USING THE WEED.** 7 char. . . . . 15

## ALLEGORIES.

*Arranged for Music and Tableaux.*

**LIGHTHART'S PILGRIMAGE.** 8 female char. . . . . 15

**THE REVOLT OF THE BEES.** 9 female char. . . . . 15

**THE SCULPTOR'S TRIUMPH.** 1 male, 4 female char. . . . . 15

**THE TOURNAMENT OF IDYLCOURT.** 10 female char. . . . . 15

**THE WAR OF THE ROSES.** 8 female char. . . . . 15

**THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.** 8 female char. . . . . 15

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

**AN ORIGINAL IDEA.** 1 male, 1 female 15

**BONBONS; OR, THE PAINT KING.** 6 male, 1 female char. . . . . 25

**CAPULETTA; OR, ROMEO AND JULIET RESTORED.** 3 male, 1 female char. . . . . 15

**SANTA CLAUS' FROLICS.** . . . . 15

**SNOW-BOUND; OR, ALONZO THE BRAVE, AND THE FAIR IMOGENE.** 3 male, 1 female char. . . . . 25

**THE MERRY CHRISTMAS OF THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SNOW.** . . . . 15

**THE PEDLER OF VERY NICE.** 7 male char. . . . . 15

**THE SEVEN AGES.** A Tableau Entertainment. Numerous male and female char. . . . . 15

**TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.** 2 male char. . . . . 15

**THE VISIONS OF FREEDOM.** 11 female char. . . . . 15

WALTER H. BAKER & CO., 23 Winter St., Boston.

# THE GRANGER

OR

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP

A Comedy in Three Acts

BY

DAVID HILL

AUTHOR OF "FORCED TO THE WAR," "OUT OF HIS SPHERE," "BOUND  
BY AN OATH," "PLACER GOLD," ETC.

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## CHARACTERS.

JOHN HAYMAKER . . . *A wealthy Maine farmer, land owner, etc., known as "The Granger"*  
CALEB CUSHING . . . *Country farmer and neighbor to Haymaker*  
RICHARD MASON . . . . . *Minnie's lover*  
ISAAC GREENLY . . . . . *Haymaker's house servant*  
NEWSBOY.  
BOOTBLACK.  
POLICEMAN.  
BARKEEPER.  
THREE BUNCO MEN.  
LOAFERS, Etc.  
MARTHA HAYMAKER . . . . . *John Haymaker's wife*  
MINNIE HAYMAKER . . . . . *John Haymaker's daughter*

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## PROPERTIES.

### ACT I.

SCENE 1. — Gun, game-bag, and crow for Richard.

SCENE 2. — Gun and game-bag. ●

SCENE 3. — Furniture for sitting-room. Old-fashioned valise, containing wig, farmer's frock, cowhide boots, broad-brimmed hat, etc., for an old-fashioned farmer. Also, two steel traps with long silver-plated chains attached to ring which goes around neck and under coat collar.

### ACT II.

SCENE 1. — Stool, blacking and brush for bootblack. Papers for newsboy. Check for bunco men; and same properties for Haymaker as in Act I., Scene 3.

SCENE 2. — Bar, glasses, bottles, decanter, etc. Disguises for Minnie and Richard. Valise for Haymaker.

SCENE 3. — Table with dishes, coffee-pot, food, paper containing powder, etc. False face, sign, books, valise, etc.

### ACT III.

SCENE 2. — Same as in Act I.

SCENE 3. — Disguises for Richard and Minnie.



## SYNOPSIS.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—Highway. Agriculture discussed. Farming a trade. "It takes more good, sound, common sense to run a farm successfully than it does a national bank." Steel traps. How to catch pickpockets. A good shot. Evolution. Cushing not to be convinced. "I won't believe that I originated from a monkey, although I may bear a strikin' resemblance to one." Isaac as an informer. Hard to hear. "Master Haymaker, dom it! woolye stop that dinging and come here?"

SCENE II.—Highway. The lovers. Philopened. The penalty two kisses. Caught in the act. "Well, young man, when you are satisfied, please give me your attention." Wager between Richard and Haymaker. "I will wager that you will be outwitted at your own game inside of a month; and your daughter's hand shall pay the penalty if I win." "And if you lose?" "If I lose, I will never trouble you or your daughter again." The acceptance.

SCENE III.—Interior of Haymaker's house. Haymaker's peculiarities discussed. Richard unfolds his plan to Mrs. Haymaker and Minnie. They join him in the plot to outwit Haymaker. Off to the city.

### ACT II.

SCENE I.—City street. Haymaker disguised as a "Granger." Lots of fun. Taken for a greenhorn. New kind of game. Baiting the trap. How the pickpockets were caught. "Feel at this moment jest like speakin' in meetin', don't ye?" Held in tow. Off to the "tavern."

SCENE II.—City bar-room. How Haymaker fooled the crowd. Releasing the pickpockets. Parting advice. "When you pick up another Granger on the street, don't take him for a pumpkin until you have tested the rind." How the traps were worked. Tough yarns. Richard and Minnie disguised as musicians. The song. Charity. "A few pennies, please." Evolution. "Yengster, jest lead the way tu them there books."

SCENE III.—Room in tenement house. Haymaker argues upon evolution. The supper. Second argument. The drugged coffee. Haymaker falls asleep. Richard happy. "Hurrah! we together have outwitted John Haymaker." How the joke was carried out. The false face and sign. Minnie's keepsake. Haymaker caught in his own traps.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—Country highway. Meeting between Haymaker and Cushing. Haymaker ugly. "You're an old, meddlesome, wizzled, knock-kneed, and dried-up jackass." Cushing astonished. "Wa'all, I swow! I'll be blowed if I ever seed Haymaker like that afore."

SCENE II.—Room in Haymaker's house same as in Act I. Waiting for Haymaker. "O, my! there is father coming now." Crestfallen but spunky. Haymaker's explanation. His admiration for those who outwitted him. "If they would confess, I would give them a thousand dollars and a position for life." Taken at his word. Richard and Minnie again disguise and appear before Haymaker as in the city. The song. Haymaker dumfounded. "Well, it's beginning to dawn upon me that I'm a confounded old fool." Fulfilling the contract. Haymaker's closing words. "Though I still advocate the theory of evolution, and am still willing to sustain my sentiments at all times and places, it never again shall be the principal tool to catch John Haymaker in his own trap."



# THE GRANGER.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A field with high fence running across stage down centre. Landscape in the distance representing the White Mountains. A path enters L. I. E., and off R. Time, morning. As curtain rises, JOHN HAYMAKER, who is in front of fence, is seen conversing with CALEB CUSHING, who is upon opposite side.*

CALEB. Wa'all, I s'pose I might ez well own right up that the fault is mine. Howsumever, I never wern't good for nuthin' else, so tuk tu farmin'.

HAYMAKER. Hold on, Caleb, hold on right there. It takes more good, sound, common sense to run a farm successfully than it does a national bank. The remark, "He is fit for nothing only a farmer," is idiotic. It means, the way it is applied, that a man who is good for nothing else, CAN run a farm. I say he can't. Say! look here; who make the best generals? Men who have attended a military school, and who have had experience in the field. Who make the best sea-captains? Men who have studied the chart, the stars, the currents of the ocean, and who have worked before the mast. Who make the best farmers? I will answer that too. Men who have studied the soil, the growth of plants, nature of grasses; what soil is best adapted for certain seeds; when to sow and when to reap; and who are posted in the markets and the value of their products. Isn't farming a trade, Caleb?

CALEB. It may be, John. I know we started in life with about the same amount o' capital, an' bought farms jinin' each other; but while I've got all the chaff an' stubble, you've reaped the fat o' the land, live well, an' look purty considerable hale an' hearty.

HAY. Weigh two hundred pounds, Caleb, before dinner. Look at me now. Strong and robust, muscles like iron, form well knit and put together, and a pretty fair sample of

the typical down-east farmer. Ain't I, though? (*Showing himself off.*) Look me over and see. Now, Caleb, do you want to know why I have succeeded?

CALEB. Wa'all, I don't mind a-listenin', John, seein' ez how you are willin' tu tell me.

HAY. Very well. You remember when we attended school together?

CALEB. Remember? Crackee! kin I forget the happiest days o' my life? Why, them times are fastened on tu my mind jest like bark on tu a tree. I couldn't forget 'em if I would.

HAY. Well, what did you learn? When our school-days were finished, I had mastered a thorough business education, and you — well — er — er — where were you, Caleb?

CALEB (*scratching his head*). Wa'all, near ez I kin cakerlate, I wus a-hangin' around addition purty nigh tu where I started.

HAY. Exactly. Well, with my education finished, I served an apprenticeship of three years with an experienced farmer. You worked around at odd jobs. We bought farms adjoining; same number of acres, same quality of soil; in fact, no choice between them. What has been the result?

CALEB. Purty nigh all my land has jined partnership with yourn, an' the rest is plastered all over with a mortgage.

HAY. Correct again. You have run your farm as you did your studies. That is, without thought or calculation. I'll bet you don't know the market value of butter to-day.

CALEB. No need on't, John, seein' ez how one cow is farrer, an' t'other one is purty nigh on tu being dry.

HAY. Correct once more. Well, from the moment I got the deed of my farm I went to work to improve it. I systematized my work; repaired and improved; made every moment count; read agricultural papers; watched the march of enterprise; grasped at new ideas; kept posted in the market —

CALEB. An' sold everything for cash, an' at the highest price.

HAY. I did, Caleb, and seldom waited for a rise. Why, some men hold an article for an extra cent until they lose ten. Hold potatoes at eighty cents for eighty-five, and then sell at fifty. Keep new hops until they are old, and then sell for second quality. Butter the same, and also eggs. Now I always take the market price and let her slide. To-day, Caleb, I am one of the largest land-owners in Maine.

Have money in bonds, at interest, and in the banks. Look here! (*Takes rolls of money from his different pockets.*) I carry it all about me — rolls of it. It don't make me penurious, either. I believe in being both generous and accommodating. I enjoy pleasures, too; pleasures to my own liking. Why, in the cities I dress odd, appear green, am called a Granger, a hayseed, and all that, and then, at the proper moment, I haul out this roll of bills and see them stare. Ha! ha! ha! I like to see them stare, Caleb.

CALEB. I've heerd ye joke over your exploits a heap o' times, John; but I cakerlate some time you'll get cum up with. Money scattered around loosely is a mighty temptation, an' some one'll steal it sometime when you don't know it.

HAY. Ha! ha! ha! catch John Haymaker napping, eh? I guess not. I'm used to the ways of thieves and pickpockets, and I love to tempt them. Ever noticed those chains of mine?

CALEB. Them two big silver ones ez you sometimes wear around your neck? Yes, I've seen 'em a heap o' times.

HAY. Well, attached to those chains are two steel traps. Those traps are set and placed in my outside pockets. I show rolls of money to a crowd, jam it into false pockets in the ones containing the traps, grow careless, and then wait the results. Ha! ha! I give pickpockets all the chance they want, Caleb, all the chance they want.

CALEB. Yes: but you'll get cum up with some time, or Caleb Cushing is no prophet.

HAY. Oh, I've travelled, Caleb, and am familiar with crooks of all descriptions. I go to Boston to-night. That puts me in mind of an incident that happened the last time I was there. I was walking along Tremont Street in the evening, when all of a sudden I heard the whir-r-r-r of an electric burglar's alarm. I rushed down the street, and had just got opposite the block, when — (*Gun heard off L., and dead crow falls from above, hitting HAYMAKER on the head.*) Thunder! (*RICHARD runs in from L.*) Look here, young man, do you handle all weapons in like careless manner?

RICHARD. Beg pardon, sir; the gun was pointed up, not down. The charge went several feet above you.

HAY. Yes: but I might as well be shot to death as knocked in the head. It is only a matter of taste. Then, again, shooting crows is bad business.

RICH. I always considered it a blessing to destroy as many crows as possible,

HAY. A wrong idea. Ever examine the crop of a crow that had haunted a corn-field? I have. To one kernel of corn were eleven wire-worms. Wire-worms destroy more corn in one season than all the crows that visit the field. I tell you, the crow is the farmer's friend, but the farmer don't realize it.

CALEB. Wa'all, I'll be blowed if you ain't the fust pusson I ever see'd ez ud argefey for a crow. You kin hev 'em, John, hev 'em all, an' I'll cling to the worms. Anyhow, that wus a purty good shot, seein' ez how the bird was purty well up.

RICH. Half the credit is due to the gun. A good gun, with quick, true aim, should wing game at a long distance. Give me a bird well up and rocketing over upon the wind: no fun to bag a fowl on the roost. Good-day, gentlemen, I will remove the dead from the field. (*Picks up crow and exit R. I. E.*)

CALEB. Purty bright young man, John. An ornament to the bank in which he works, an' a good match for your darter.

HAY. No, sir; far from it. The influence that places a man in position, does not always qualify him for the position he holds. The young man is bright, witty, intelligent, and honest: no doubt about that. Still, his habits are not formed. He prefers sporting to filling out checks; racing the woods to keeping book accounts. Give me a farmer with rough hands and a business brain in place of a bank-clerk with a white tie and fickle disposition. I oppose the match because the young man is unsettled in his habits.

CALEB. Wa'all, it's purty evident he's settled on one thing; an' that is, he's in love with your darter. An' I'll be bound he'll hev her, banks or no banks.

HAY. Not if I can avoid it. I forbade him the house the last time he was there. If he disobeys my command, he shall find out that the word of John Haymaker is law.

CALEB. An' the result will be purty nigh on tu the same ez in your own case years ago. I kin remember when your wife wus let out of a tu-story winder with a rope; an' a chase through one town an' tu counties didn't bring her back, either.

HAY. Well, well, the case was different, entirely different.

CALEB. Wa'all, I can't arge with ye, 'cause I ain't smart enough; but if I wus tu arge, I should say you wus ez sot on the matter ez on some others. You sorter believe, ye know, that man sprung from monkeys. Believe it tu sech an extent, that, when you get tu going, tu judges and a Methodist minister couldn't stop ye or change your opinion,

HAY. Just so. Why? Because I am correct. Evolution is a rock upon which many a man has split; but with me, it is a foundation upon which I remain steadfast and immovable. I believe in it.

CALEB. Wa'all, that may be all right for you; but it cums no clusef tu me than the stone did which Mrs. Peasley threw at the dog. I ain't proud 'cause I ain't. Still, I don't want no monkey a-shoutin' from the top of some hand-organ, an' a-sayin,' "But for me, what would humanity hev been?" "It wouldn't sot well, John.

HAY. And why? Because you have not looked at the matter critically. You, no doubt, believe with the Northlanders, that man was formed from a piece of wood found floating on the sea; or like Hesiod, that he sprung from a race of giants; or Anaximander, that he was engendered from beings of a different form; or Anaxagoras, that he originated from the fecundation of the earth. Perhaps you believe with Nason, that—

CALEB. H-h-hold on, John. You're a-gettin' me ez muddled as a pig wound up in a hoop-skirt. Blest if I know one of them fellers you've mentioned. Never met 'em anywheres. Anyhow, they kin think jest what they please, an' I'll du the same. Now I believe that man originated jest ez is laid down in the fust chapters of Genesis; an' if it hadn't a-been for Eve an' that pesky old sarpint, I'm a-thinkin' we should be jest a-wadin' in milk an' honey tu-day, an' ez happy ez a clam in its native element.

HAY. That biblical theory, Caleb, can't be proved. It is overruled by science; overruled by geology; and overruled by observation and inquiry. (*Enter ISAAC, R. I E. He should be a little, thin, wrinkled old man, with squeaky voice and red hair.*) Science has traced man back through innumerable ages, far beyond the period of Genesis, and from the beginning down has found him developing according to the established rules of evolution.

ISAAC (*speaking R. I E.*). Measter Haymaker.

HAY. (*not hearing*). Even to-day the relation existing between man, reptiles, birds, and animals is still discernible. Man and the lower brutes are frequently excited by the same emotions; while all animals show a power of reasoning that is truly wonderful.

ISAAC (*louder*). I say, Measter Haymaker!

HAY. (*not heeding*). There also is a wonderful affinity existing between man and plants. Plants, like man, are affected by light and darkness; sleep at night: subsist, at least many of them, upon animal food; and in some cases are possessed with the powers of digestion.

ISAAC (*still louder*). Measter Haymaker, woolye be quiet and come here?

HAY. (*continuing*). Dive into the carbonif—

CALEB (*interrupting*). John, Isaac is a-shoutin' tu ye like murder.

HAY. (*turning upon ISAAC sharply*). What the devil do you want?

ISAAC. Dom it, mon! I want thee to come here—that's what a' want.

HAY. (*crossing to ISAAC*). Well, now explain why you have left the house without orders.

ISAAC. Ees, zur; I will do that vor zartain. Here! I do be gotten at it thic way—at your zarvice. When cows ha' gotten into the corn, thee would drive them out—wouldn't thee, now?

HAY. Well!

ISAAC. If thee were a flagman, and zaw two trains in a tightest place—meeting on the zame track, as 'twur, what would thee do, now, zay?

HAY. Why, swing a red flag, of course.

ISAAC. Woo'ee do that, though? Zure enough. Well, there be not much difference between two trains and Meastress Minnie and Measter Richard.

HAY. What are you trying to explain?

ISAAC. Dang it! thee be dull as a hoe. Didn't I zee Measter Richard go down the path i' thic way? (*Pointing it out on the palm of his hand.*) And didn't I zee Meastress Minnie coming up from the house i' thic way? And—Well, thee would know the result like I, wouldn't thee, now?

HAY. Aha! obeying my orders, eh? Good enough! Here! you take the path around the hill to the right, and I will swing around to the left. By this means we shall not miss them where the two paths branch off. If you find them on your side, cross over and inform me. Caleb, we will finish that argument at another time. (*Exit R. I E.*)

CALEB. Isaac, my advice is, not tu see too much unless you can't help it.

ISAAC. A<sup>1</sup> knows that zecret by heart, zur. There be an understanding between us—Meastress Minnie and mysel, d'ye zee? Eef there be things before (*pointing toward L.*) as I shouldn't be zeeing—why, drabbit it! I whistles a bit, then turns I around so (*faces R.*), and dom the thing do I know what happens. Good-by, zur. (*Exit R. I E. as scene closes in.*)

SCENE II. — *Highway. MINNIE and RICHARD discovered.*

RICHARD. And you saw me coming over the hill?

MINNIE. Over the hill, Richard; and knowing you were prohibited from visiting the house, I caught up my hat and rushed down the path to meet you.

RICH. Which shows you are a girl of good taste. Do you know, I made a desperate shot over yonder?

MIN. Nothing dangerous, I hope?

RICH. Oh, no, only to myself. I dropped a crow on the wing up where the choke-cherry bushes entangle the fence. Rushing out to intercept it, I nearly fell into your father's arms, while the crow took him squarely on top of the head. I was not aware of his presence until the gun was discharged.

MIN. What did he say?

RICH. Oh, he set me up for a minute, then, with Caleb for a listener, branched out into a lecture on crowology, during which I very gracefully bowed myself out of his presence.

MIN. Caleb was there, then?

RICH. Yes; they were talking across the line fence just — well, just as we should over the garden gate, you know. Confound it! I am not of much value in the eyes of your father, am I? However, I may take a rise sometime, and then —

MIN. And then?

RICH. I may be of more value in the eyes of his daughter.

MIN. Oh, Richard, you know I overestimate you already. No, no, I don't mean that. I mean —

RICH. Ha! ha! a true confession at last. Oh, don't try to change it, or you will only make it worse. Here! hold this game-bag a moment while I weigh the import of your words. (MINNIE takes game-bag.) Philopene!

MIN. (*dropping bag*). Oh, how mean! There! I will never speak to you again, never! Dear me! What made you take advantage of me so? Why, I wouldn't have been philopened for the world.

RICH. (*slowly picking up bag*). Let's see; the one who philopened the other was to name the penalty, I believe?

MIN. (*snappishly*). I suppose so.

RICH. Well, I shall claim two kisses, and the debt must be paid at once.

MIN. I won't pay it, there! (*Starts to run.*)

RICH. (*catching hold of her*). Oh, yes, you will too. And

I shall claim one extra for starting to run away. Come! pay the debt quickly, or I shall claim double interest. (MINNIE kisses RICHARD just as ISAAC enters R. I. E. Seeing them he speaks quickly.)

ISAAC. Zure, zee hawk as stole Measter Haymaker's chickens do be zailing above us at this moment. I declare, he do conduct himzelf handzomely. There! now he turns himzelf around zo (*turns around and faces R.*), and starts straight for the barn again, zure enough.

RICH. Well, follow it with your eyes until out of sight, and then go for it.

ISAAC. Thank ye, zur: it do be a hornet's nest here soon if thee be not flying thyzel. Thy feyther, Minnie, all cocked and primed, do be coming around t'other hill.

MIN. Oh, Richard, run quick, while I hasten to the house. Father must not see us together.

RICH. Wait, I must have that other kiss. Quick! and then I will dart down the hill like a sky-rocket.

MIN. Oh, I darsen't.

ISAAC (*still looking off*). Gi' him thy kiss, child, and let the fool go. Dom it! like all lovers, he do be too unreasonable to go until satisfied, anyhow.

MIN. Then be quick, or we shall certainly be found together.

RICH. Well, then, here goes. (*Kisses her just as HAYMAKER enters L. I. E. He watches them a moment without speaking. Picture.*)

HAYMAKER (*sarcastically*). Well, young man, when you are satisfied, please give me your attention.

MIN. } (*starting back in surprise; together*). Oh!

RICH. } Really, sir, I —

ISAAC (*confused*). Dash it! that do be the domnedest hawk —

HAY. Isaac, cross over here.

ISAAC (*crossing over*). Ees, zur: I be your zarvint, zur.

HAY. Yes, and a faithful one too. Have you any explanations to make?

ISAAC. Noa, zur: thee did zee it all thyzel, didn't thee?

HAY. Exactly; and without any of your assistance. Were you hired to assume the position you were taking?

ISAAC. Zure, could I turn backward wi'out turning I around? I be not turtle built, zur, noa, zur. Then — hoping as how thee wilt not take it unkindly — when I do be around, zame as you zaw me, zur, how woo I know the tricks them two woo be playing?

HAY. That will do. Begone!

ISAAC (*shuffling across stage*). Ees, zur. (*Aside.*) I be domned lucky to get off zo easily. (*Exit L. I E.*)

HAY. (*after a pause*). Well, have you two anything to say? Any excuses to make over the little tableau I have been an unwelcome witness to?

MIN. Oh, father, blame me if you will, but do not include Richard. It was I who disobeyed by coming here.

HAY. No doubt of it. Two needles attracted by the same magnet. What has that to do with the tableau, eh?

RICH. I will explain, sir. There was a philopene pledged between us, which, by accident, I won. The penalty was two kisses, which I claimed, and was about to receive, when —

HAY. When the little *seance* was suddenly brought to a sad termination by the appearance of a third party: or, I might say, fourth, as it is plainly evident that the third was obsolete. Gad! kisses are very sweet penalties, very. Miss Haymaker, you may go to the house.

MIN. You will not blame Richard, father?

HAY. Do as I command you. (*MINNIE exit R. I E.*) Well, sir, after ordering you from the house, you take this method to disobey my commands and insult my daughter.

RICH. I have not disobeyed you, sir, in that I have not been to the house. I have not insulted your daughter, because I love her, and an honest kiss passed between two lovers is nothing to be ashamed of.

HAY. You love my daughter, eh? A very frank admission, I must confess. Then you are not ashamed over what has just transpired?

RICH. No, sir, I am not. I will say, instead, that I am proud to have received a kiss from so honorable and upright a girl as the daughter of John Haymaker.

HAY. (*aside*). Well, well, the boy knows something, after all. (*Aloud.*) Just so; but refusing you the house is a direct intimation that you are not wanted, is it not?

RICH. By you, yes: but not by your daughter.

HAY. Well, sir, I speak for my daughter. When I refuse you my house, it means directly that your connections with the family have ceased. In other words, that you are not wanted, either at the house, on the premises, or in her company. You understand?

RICH. Not fully. Show me some good reason why I am not wanted, and I will trouble you no more.

HAY. It is not necessary.

RICH. It is. Indirectly you have insulted my pride, if not my character. Now what have you against me? Do I

drink, chew, smoke, swear, or associate with evil companions? Are my morals corrupt? Do I spend my money lavishly? I defy you to show it. My father is a large land-owner as well as yourself, and of as respectable a pedigree. Then what have you against me?

HAY. (*aside*). The boy argues well, anyhow. (*Aloud.*) Against your character, nothing: against your business principles, considerable. You are unstable, sir, and to me show an utter disregard for your situation.

RICH. In what respect, pray?

HAY. Well, when you should be looking at the practical side of life, using your idle moments to study into the intricacies of the occupation you follow, you go roaming the fields and woods, shooting in a careless manner, and otherwise wasting the time that should be used for other purposes. This shiftlessness alone, in one so young, would unfit you to wed my daughter, if nothing more.

RICH. Ha! ha! ha! is that your complaint? (*Taking paper from his pocket.*) Look at this, Mr. Haymaker. (*Reads.*) "For being an exemplary young man, etc., and for close attention to business, we take pleasure in raising your salary one hundred dollars the coming year. Signed, A. Longnecker, Pres." (*Putting up paper.*) Your opinion is at variance with the bank, you see.

HAY. (*aside*). I must adhere to my argument, if it is slim. (*Aloud.*) Well, sir, if such is the case, how is it that you are habitually absent from your post of duty?

RICH. Like all youth, I need exercise and pleasure. Bring up a puppy in a box and it will grow dull and stupid, would it not? I take my exercise in the fields and woods, among the birds and flowers, and this brings me under your observation. Were I to lounge in the village, you would not notice me so often. I am requested to go, sir, as my employers consider that health is essential to business.

HAY. (*aside*). Dash it! I admire the youth after all. (*Aloud.*) Well, sir, you have expressed yourself intelligently, and I believe candidly: but I am not satisfied. The youth who aspires to my daughter, must work himself up as I have done. That is (*straightening himself up proudly*), must depend upon his own resources, show native shrewdness, and feel himself competent to cope with the devices and tricks of the world. I have done this, and what is the result? To-day I am one of the largest land-owners in the State, hold mortgages and bonds, and am well versed in business besides.

RICH. I am aware of that fact, sir, and also, that you pride

yourself upon being too sharp for swindlers and pickpockets. Still, I will make a wager, that, inside of a month, I will outwit you at your own game: and your daughter's hand shall pay the penalty if I win.

HAY. Well, well, for a youth, you are making a bold proposition. Supposing I take you at your word, and you lose.

RICH. I will never trouble you or your daughter again.

HAY. Hey? Won't trouble me or my daughter again? Here! I'll take you at your word. It's a bargain. Outwit John Haymaker? Ha! ha! ha! pretty big job you've undertaken, my lad, do you know it?

RICH. I will take my chances, and rely upon your word of honor for the prize if I win. Good-day, sir. (*Bows himself out L. I E.*)

HAY. Ha! ha! ha! a bright boy, I must confess: but outwitting John Haymaker, — that was the most insane sentence he ever uttered. (*Exit R. I E.*)

SCENE III. — *Sitting-room in JOHN HAYMAKER'S house. Furniture appropriate to wealth and taste of owner. MINNIE discovered sitting near window, R. C., back. MRS. HAYMAKER seated R., sewing, and ISAAC, L.; dusting furniture.*

MINNIE. Just think of it! Father hasn't mentioned my little episode with Richard since he returned. I expected such a scolding, too. What can have come over him, I wonder.

ISAAC. Dan't thee be teekled zo easily. The storm as do be delayed be the more fierce when close at hand, and it be zome zo with the scolding.

MIN. What! do you think he will broach the subject now? Why, he went through the room without speaking, and didn't look a bit cross, either.

ISAAC. Likely, likely. That be no good zymptom, though. Drabbit it! the man do fight the hardest who be in a smiling condition. Dan't thee flatter thyzel, thee won't, woolye, now?

MRS. HAYMAKER. He goes to Boston on the early train to-night. When he came in, it was to prepare for the journey.

MIN. Is he going to play the Granger again?

MRS. H. Yes, or at least, I call it playing the fool. They call him a Granger on the same principle, I suppose,

that they call an overdressed young man a dude. Nothing pleases John so much as being taken for a country greenhorn, and then turning the tables. He will find his match sometime, though, and then he will listen to reason.

MIN. Oh, it would be just fun to make people think you were green, and then fool them. Wouldn't I like to peek around some corner and see him, though.

ISAAC. Likely thee would. It be the nature of woman to peek — or zomething like that.

MIN. A man wouldn't peek, oh, no! he is too much of an angel to do anything wrong. Ha! ha! how bad he must feel to be without wings, he is so perfect. (*Noise off R.*) Well, draw on a long face, Isaac, father is coming.

ISAAC. Thee hadst better lengthen thine own face a bit, I do be thinking, under the zircumstances.

(HAYMAKER enters R. 3 E., trying to tie on neck-scarf.)

HAY. Martha, exercise your patience upon this choker. Dang the thing! it bothers worse than keeping Merino sheep in the pasture. (MRS. H. approaches C., and fixes tie.)

MIN. What about Shropshire, and Cotswold, and South-down, and Teeswater, and —

HAY. There! that will do. I mean Merinos and nothing else. Here! — dash it! be careful with that pin.

MRS. H. I am not using a pin at all.

HAY. By George! you must be cultivating hang-nails, then. Haven't you severed the jugular, or an artery, or something? (*Moving uneasily about.*)

MRS. H. No, I haven't. Keep still, can't you? How can I fix this tie with you bobbing around like an eel in a frying-pan.

HAY. Well, well, don't scold, Martha.

MRS. H. I am not; but if I should, it might amount to something. There, that is fixed. (*Returns to seat, R.*) How long shall you remain away?

HAY. Oh — er — a week, perhaps, perhaps longer. It will depend, you see, upon how old "Hayseed" is represented. Yes; now I think of it, I shall remain three weeks — three weeks on particular business that I had well-nigh forgotten.

MIN. Anything peculiar about the business, father?

HAY. Well, yes; it does have a peculiar significance, I must confess. Let's see; well, the nature of it, principally, is to test the legality, or I might say, the criminality, of kissing a proscribed lover over a penalty resulting from a philopene. Something of that nature, anyhow.

MIN (*turning toward window*). Oh!

ISAAC (*aside to MINNIE*). It bean't wholesome to question too heavily, be it now, zay?

HAY. Isaac?

ISAAC (*starting quickly*). Ees — ees, zur.

HAY. Look to the interest of the farm while I am away, as well as the family. Should the hands loiter in the field, or the cattle go astray, or a gate be left ajar, back up to them gently; or, should it so happen that you did walk up face front, "turn I around zo" (*turns around in imitation of ISAAC*), and go to star-gazing. Being a faithful and obedient servant, you will, no doubt, obey all of my instructions.

ISAAC. Ees, zur—if there be no hawks in the way. (*Aside to MINNIE, who has been styly laughing at him.*) Stop thy domned tittering, woolye, now?

MRS. H. John, I wish you would go to the city once and appear human. What is the use of acting like an unsophisticated rustic, without breeding or education, when you can appear otherwise?

HAY. Ha! ha! ha! why, Martha, there's pleasure in it — recreation — comfort. Look here! I walk along Washington Street, minding my own business, too, and am greeted with such remarks as, "Hello! old Hayseed!" "No flies about him!" "Is grass green deoun to your heouse?" and so forth; but it all falls upon my ears like the tinkling of silver bells. Ha! ha! ha! they don't know me, you see. Then, at the proper moment, I pull out this roll of bills (*taking large roll of bills from his pocket*), and my value goes up a hundred per cent. Oh! nothing like money to make a man appreciated. Did you know that? An old coat is a soft pillow if lined with bank-bills. Well, well, I'm rattling off into a speech. Isaac, has Peter the team ready?

ISAAC. Ees, zur.

HAY. Well, bring my receptacle and I am off. (*ISAAC exit R. I E.*) I think more of that old valise than I would of a government position. I suppose it was made in the days of Henry Clay, and was used to scatter nomination tickets. (*Enter ISAAC with old-fashioned valise.*) Looks like it, don't it? (*Takes valise.*) Well, kiss me, Martha, and keep a clear head until my return. (*Crosses R.*)

MRS. H. Did I not know you, I should certainly refuse.

HAY. Would be your duty, wouldn't it? Well, well, "with all thy faults, I love thee still." (*Kisses her.*) Now, good-by. (*Turns to go.*)

MIN. Haven't you a kiss for me, father?

HAY. (*looks at her sharply for a moment*). Let's see; the penalty for a philopene is two kisses, I believe. No appealing, no loop-holes to crawl through, like the prohibitory law, no — Well, well, here is the kiss, girl. A child is a child but once, and as such should be appreciated. (*Kisses her.*) There! peace be unto this house until my return. (*Exit C. D., followed by ISAAC.*)

MIN. How father must look when he is fully rigged out! What do you suppose the people take him for?

MRS. H. I suppose he is taken for what he intends to represent; that is, an uncouth country clown, who has never travelled, and who is unused to the ways of the world. In his travels he is nicknamed "The Granger."

MIN. Yes; and he is such a mimic, too. It must be real fun. Wouldn't I like to know, though, what transpired between him and Richard. It couldn't have been anything serious, or he would have shown it in his face.

MRS. H. I think at heart he respects Richard more than he is willing to own; but if he is prejudiced against him, which is evident he is, I think it doubtful if they come to a reconciliation.

MIN. And it is all because Richard don't work and think just as he does. I think it is real mean. There is no more likely young fellow in the county, and people say so, too.

MRS. H. Your father has his peculiarities like other men. He enjoys pleasure, and loves to indulge in it; but he attends strictly to business, and it nettles him to see others neglect it. He can become comical and excitable at almost the same instant. Cross him in his belief, and he is apt to act unreasonable; too much so for his own good. Outside from this, and the fact that he is a trifle conceited, he will hold his own with the average.

MIN. Yes; touch him on evolution and he goes off like a sky-rocket. Whew! how he does spin when he gets to going! It makes me think of a clock that gets to striking sometimes and won't stop until run down. Ha! ha! to think that we originated from monkeys is too comical for anything. If it only had been butterflies, or humming-birds, it would have been real nice; but monkeys, the horrid things — ugh! (*Looking out of window.*) Why, as I live, there is Isaac coming toward the house, and Richard is with him. What can it mean?

MRS. H. (*going to window*). Although I respect the youth, I hope he is not foolish enough to disobey your father's command. Coming here after he has been forbidden

the house, and the moment my husband is out of sight, is not gentlemanly, to say the least.

MIN. Oh, he will explain himself! Perhaps he and father came to terms, and that was what made father act so queer. We will find out in a moment anyway.

(Enter ISAAC, followed by RICHARD, C. D.)

RICHARD. You will pardon this unseemly visit, Mrs. Haymaker, after having been forbidden from entering the house; but I have business that brought me here, which, when explained, will, I think, pardon me for the intrusion.

ISAAC. The man as be not responsible for his acts do be excusable, zure enough.

MRS. H. Speaking for myself, I do not object to your presence; but as your presence is offensive to my husband, I would advise you to be careful.

MIN. I don't think father feels very bad, or he would have said more about it.

ISAAC. Dan't thee know that deepest grief be not discernible on the outside? It burns the fiercest on the inside, out o' zight, zame as a coal-pit, or zomething like that. How-zomever, thy feyther and Richard have come to zome understanding, which—Well, well, I do be doing all the talking myzel—zame as usual. (*Retires to a seat L. 3 E.*)

MIN. (*laughing*). And say the least.

ISAAC. Ees—zame as women at a zoing zircle.

MRS. H. (*returning to seat near R. 1 E.*). Well, Richard, consider yourself at home, and we will listen to the nature of your business.

RICH. (*seating himself down C. near MINNIE*). The sum total of my business is this: I have made a wager with Mr. Haymaker, and the winning of it has much to do with my future happiness.

MRS. H. Indeed! I was not aware that Mr. Haymaker was in the habit of betting or making wagers.

MIN. How much is the bet, Richard?

RICH. Well, valued by law, about three thousand dollars. To me, however, the value is far more. I proposed the bet, you see, and he took me up like a flash. Now, in order to win, I need the united efforts of you two ladies.

MRS. H. Assisting you to win three thousand dollars from my husband, Richard, would seem more insane than rational.

ISAAC. They do be zeeing things through green goggles. Drabbit it! break the ice at once, and out wi' it.

RICH. I will. You know, Mrs. Haymaker, that your

husband prides himself upon being too sharp to be swindled or even robbed. Now I have made a wager that I will outwit him inside of a month.

MIN. And if you do, you win three thousand dollars?

RICH. Not in money — no. If I win, I wed his daughter by his own consent. If I lose, I relinquish all claims, and shun this house forever.

MIN. (*clapping her hands*). Oh! then you must help him, mother. You will, won't you?

ISAAC. Thee do be mortal glad to beat thy feyther, zomehow. Zure, I do blush for thee, for zartain.

MRS. H. If my daughter is to be raffled for, or used like a lottery ticket, I certainly shall object.

MIN. Oh, mother! don't look at it in that light. You know, excepting father, we are all willing — or — that is —

ISAAC. Richard, if the two of you be not engaged, it be thine own fault, zurely. She do make confessions that — Oh, well! I bea'n't saying anything but to myzel, as usual.

RICH. We are engaged, Isaac, and all are in my favor but Mr. Haymaker. A test has now come up between us. If I lose, after making the challenge myself, I lose all prestige in his eyes, and the woman I love. If I win, it will elevate me in his estimation, heal the breach between us, and teach him a lesson he will never forget.

MRS. H. In what respect?

RICH. By proving to him, that, like all men, he is liable to mistakes. It is currently reported that Haymaker will find his match some time; and when he does, it is evident he will be out a large sum of money.

MRS. H. I have often had fears of the same thing.

RICH. Very well. If I rob him, will it not break him from courting an attack, and tempting thieves in the future?

MRS. H. I hardly think so. I doubt, Richard, although I admire your courage, if you can accomplish your object. Mr. Haymaker is a far-seeing man. You, as yet, are comparatively young, and unused to the ways of the world. I would gladly assist you if I considered that the plan was feasible.

RICH. Do I have your consent and assistance if the plan is feasible?

MRS. H. (*after a pause*). Well — yes; that is, I will decide after hearing how you intend to proceed.

RICH. Well, here is what I propose: Mr. Haymaker is vulnerable in one point — evolution. Interest him in that, and he forgets all else. That will be my point of attack.

Minnie is good at personifying different characters, and so am I. We can both sing, too. Now my plan is to go to Boston at once, and take you two with me. We will hire a couple of furnished rooms for our headquarters. Minnie and I will disguise as musicians, and play upon the street; of course, making it our aim to play in the presence of Mr. Haymaker. We shall have a story to tell, too, that will interest him; and mark me, that story will influence him to go to our rooms. Minnie and I will do the work, while you, Mrs. Haymaker, shall serve as our protectors. Is not the plan feasible?

MRS. H. I hardly think you can disguise so as to deceive him.

RICH. A costumer for a small sum will put us in proper shape. I have no fears about that.

MRS. H. I doubt if you can influence him to go to the rooms; and even then I fail to see how you are going to succeed.

RICH. Leave that to me. Mr. Haymaker is noted for his generosity. Our story shall touch his sympathetic nature. Wishing to investigate before giving, he will go with us to our rooms. Trust me for the rest. Will you assist me?

MIN. (*excitedly*). Oh, do, mother! You have often said you would like to play a good joke on father, and now is your time. I want to go to the city too. (*Crossing to her mother and throwing her arms around her neck.*) You will go, won't you?

ISAAC. To be zure she will go. Do the two of you be thinking to go trapezing off together wi'out her going? She be not so domned zilly as that.

MIN. Mother, will you go?

MRS. H. Minnie, I will. I believe I should enjoy the pleasure of seeing him outwitted if only to laugh at him about it in the future.

MIN. Oh! good. Mother, here is a kiss to pay you. (*Kisses her.*)

ISAAC. There be another here wi' mouth watering for zome of the zame.

RICH. No, Isaac; not under this roof while I am proscribed. Wait until I have conquered, and then see. Mrs. Haymaker, having your consent, I feel that success is certain.

MRS. H. When do you start?

RICH. To-morrow. Come, Minnie, we will sing a song together as a kind of rehearsal, and then I am off to make arrangements, and to get leave of absence.

ISAAC. Having a good audience to zing to — Mistress Haymaker and myzel, d'ye zee — do thy loveliest, and zing pratty.

RICH. Well, Isaac, you can be our critic, and decide after we have finished. Come, Minnie.

(MINNIE and RICHARD advance front of stage and sing song to suit the occasion.)

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. — *City street. Entrances R. and L.*

(*As curtain rises JOHN HAYMAKER enters from L. He has on cowhide boots with pantaloons tucked in, wears long hair and a broad-brimmed hat, and is dressed in long blue drilling frock, over which are seen two medium-sized silver chains attached to a ring worn around the neck. Each chain reaches to the pockets beneath, and is fastened to traps which are concealed in the pockets. He carries a large, old-fashioned carpet-bag. As HAYMAKER enters, loud laughter is heard off stage L.*)

HAYMAKER (*backing on and looking off L.*). Wa'all, laff if you want tu — no law agin it ez I knows on. Makes me think of a lot o' calves a-blaatin' on a cattle train — it does, by Methuselah. Look a-here, now, I'll laff with you. (*Laughs loudly with others outside L.*) There! eny remarks tu make about that? Skowhegan plunket! if I hed voices like yourn, I'd greese 'em with goose-ile tu keep from havin' consumption. Oh, yes; look me over if you want tu! (*Turning around.*) Reg'ler hayseed, ain't I? Got sheep-shears an' rake-teeth in my hair, in course I hev. (*Laughter renewed.*) That's right! keep it up. Feel better when you git well over it, I'll bet tu dollars. Hey? Did you call me a sunflower? If I hed you across my knee, you starched-up extract from a Chinese laundry, I'd make you feel sunburnt, I would, by mighty! A Granger — eh! Wa'all, s'posin' I am — s'posin' I am, what s'yer goin' tu du about it — say?

NEWSBOY (*enters from R.*). Herald — Globe! Herald — Globe!

HAY. (*turning around*). Hey? What's that you're shoutin' about?

NEWSBOY. Morning and evening papers. Paper, sir?

HAY. Wa'all, I don't mind, seein's you're so willin'. (*Takes paper.*) Thank'ee! don't know what I shall du with

it; but it may come handy some time. (*Puts it in his pocket and starts off.*) Good-day, sonny.

NEWSBOY. Here, sir; two cents for the paper, please.

HAY. (*stopping*). Oh! you sell 'em, du ye? Skowhegan plunket! why didn't you say so afore? (*Places valise on sidewalk, R.*) Look a-here, sonny, I reckon I don't want eny papers. (*Offers paper back.*)

NEWSBOY. Yes, you do, sir. Newsiest paper of the week. Labor riot in New York, steamboat explosion, two murders, scandal in high life, more about tariff and civil-service reform, another outrage in Canadian waters, and all about the latest base-ball game. You couldn't do without it, sir.

HAY. Anything about why the milk o' some cows sours quicker'n others?

NEWSBOY. What, sir?

HAY. Explain why a goose-egg hatches a goslin', or a hen's egg a chicken, when put under some other fowl?

NEWSBOY. I fear, sir —

HAY. Give eny receipt for currant worms, or how tu destroy potato-bugs outside o' the ordinary way?

NEWSBOY. I've a crippled brother and a sick mother who depend upon me for a living. Won't you buy a paper, please?

HAY. No human critter can suffer 'round Solomon Slope-worth if he knows it. Count 'em out, sonny, an' I'll take the hull lot. (*Takes out large roll of money as boy counts papers. Enter FIRST BUNCO MAN from L., who perceives money.*)

BUNCO MAN (*aside*). Ah-ha! there's a chicken to pick, sure enough. Full of money, too, as a sheep-tick full of new blood. I'll watch him. (*Remains L.*)

HAY. Wa'all, how many?

NEWSBOY. Twenty Globes and forty Heralds, sir.

HAY. Sixty all together. How much does it figer up at tu cents apiece?

NEWSBOY (*promptly*). Two dollars, sir.

HAY. Hey? Is that Boston figerin'? Tangle me up in a barbed wire fence if I didn't think it afore. Couldn't sell 'em butter in that way, bet your shoe-strings you couldn't. Wa'all, here's the tu dollars (*gives boy money*), an' what ye don't need for your sick mother, you kin use to buy an arithmetic, an' study addition. Jest du them papers up in a bundle, an' I'll put 'em in this keerpit-bag. (*Turns to R., and stoops down to open valise. Boy with papers slips out R. unobserved.*) There! reckon this'll hold 'em all, an' a small

house besides. (*Rises up with valise open, and finds boy gone.*) Wa'all, I'll be blowed!

BUNCO MAN (*advancing front*). Rather played it on you, didn't he? Just the way with newsboys—a rascally, thieving set.

HAY. S'pose so. Not much tu blame, nuther, seein' ez who they associate with. I kinder pity the yengster, arter all.

B. M. Were you to know them, your pity would turn to disgust. You are from the country, I should judge?

HAY. Who in thunder told ye?

B. M. I guessed it by your garb. Not that it is unbecoming at all; but because it resembles the old, honest, sturdy, and substantial American farmer.

HAY. Jest so—jest so. Been in the country yerself, I reckon?

B. M. Very little. Was a lightning-rod dispenser once, but soon gave up the job.

HAY. Wonder they hadn't shot ye at fust sight. Don't appreciate them fellers down in Maine, no sir'ee. We jest fire 'em right off the premises. Why, look a-here; I wouldn't stretch 'a story for a four-year-old colt, but I'll bet tu dollars that them fellers ud sit beside a small-pox patient, an' talk lightning-rods until he died, if it ud only insure a sale tu the widdier arter he was buried. They would, by Methuselah!

B. M. Ha! ha! I think you are about correct. May I ask in what part of the country you reside?

HAY. You may—nuthin' preventin'.

B. M. Ah—yes. Perhaps it is in Maine?

HAY. Perhaps it is. Oxford County, purty nigh on tu the Hampshire line. Kin look out o' the kitchen winder each mornin', an' see the sun a-gildin' the tops o' the White Mountains, jest like great sheets o' gold. Ever take tu fishin', mister?

B. M. Not much—no.

HAY. Ain't like some men, then, who ud hang tu a brook till they fished it dry, an' then hanker for more? Human sharks, I call 'em. Some on 'em right here in Bostown, ready tu pick a man's pocket at a moment's notice. Wa'all, talkin' o' fishin', puts me in mind of a brook ez runs across my farm. Ez I said afore, I wouldn't stretch a story for a four-year-old colt; but the trout in that stream breed so fast, an' grow so quick, that I hev tu hire 'em scooped out tu keep the stream from over-flowin' an' floodin' the land. I du, by Methuselah!

B. M. Not much of a brook for trout either — eh ?

HAY. Not much, considerin'. Why, Caleb Cushing, whose land jines right on tu mine, an' who owns a saw-mill, hez 'em so thick in his brook, an' so well trained, that, when he wants tu saw, all he hez to do is jest to whistle, an' I'll be durned if they won't swim right up in a mass, an' hold the water back like a dam. Then, when Caleb is through, they jest scatter out an' let the water slide. Mighty savin', I kin tell ye.

B. M. Ha! ha! I should say so. You are a land-owner, then ?

HAY. Wa'all, sorter. People in Oxford County, Maine, 'll tell ye that Solomon Slopeworth is one of the largest land-owners in the State.

B. M. Ah — um! glad to hear it. Married, I suppose ?

HAY. Got a wife an' ez fine a darter ez there is in the country. Why, ez Margaret, my wife, sez, an' ez I have sed a heap o' times, the looks o' Miranda for beauty an' pertness ain't tu be found. They are scarce ez hen's teeth anyhow.

B. M. (*aside*). Am finding out just what I want to know. (*Aloud*.) Yes, no doubt of it.

HAY. (*placing valise on sidewalk*). Now, look a-here; you're a sort o' dressy chap with an honest, open countenance, an' I don't mind tellin' ye a secret. Kin ye keep it ?

B. M. One of the first injunctions of my mother was to keep a secret inviolable.

HAY. Sho! hed a mother, did ye ? I'll allow I shouldn't a-thought it. You seem like one o' them fellers who never wus born, but wus jest lifted right out of a clothes-basket, full grown, all starched, an' ready for use. You du, by Methuselah!

B. M. Ah! complimentary, I see. But the secret; do I understand —

HAY. Oh, yes! I wus a-goin' tu say that money in a ragged coat wus ez good ez money in a new one; but without money, the new coat stands the biggest show. I've been called old Hayseed twenty times on this same street. Why? Jest because my clothes ain't ez purty ez somebody's else's clothes, an' because I'm awkward and clumsy in my gait. Look a-here. (*Taking money from his pocket*.) See this money? I'll bet tu dollars I kin buy each one on 'em, an' still hev money in the bank.

B. M. Do you always carry money about you in that careless manner ?

HAY. Why not? Ain't a-goin' tu steal it, be ye?

B. M. Why — ah — no; only it seems careless, that's all.

Well, good-day, my friend, glad to have met you. (*Bows politely and exit R.*)

HAY. (*putting money in his pocket and laughing*). Ha! ha! ha! think I couldn't read that countenance? Think my family history was told for nothing? Only wait, that's all. I've baited the trap, and if I don't catch the fox, then John Haymaker is no prophet.

BOOTBLACK (*enters from L.*). Shine, sah?

HAY. Hey? Want tu shine? Why, sartin I want tu shine. Never saw a man ez didn't, did ye?

BOOTBLACK (*places stool C.*). Have yer boots blacked, boss? Seat all ready for yer. Give yer first-class shine, sah.

HAY. Give it tu me, eh? Durned if I won't take it. I will, by Methuselah! (*Seats himself upon stool and places foot on block.*) There, sonny; there's ez square a foot ez you ever worked on.

BOOTBLACK. Jess so, sah. Two square feet in one, sah. (*Proceeding to work.*) Mighty good on de water—dem feet.

HAY. Why so?

BOOTBLACK. Nebber could drown unless you tipped ober, sah.

HAY. Eh, what's that? Look a-here! you chunk o' black muck, if I hed you on the farm, du you know what I would du with ye?

BOOTBLACK. Don't know, sah.

HAY. I'd stick you up in the field to frighten crows out of the corn. I would, by Methuselah!

BOOTBLACK. Nebber would work, sah. Nigger and de crow too much ob de same complexion.

HAY. Wa'all, I'll be durned if I'd thought o' that. Skow-hegan plunket! if I was a nigger, I'd go tu some bleachery an' bleach myself back into a white man.

BOOTBLACK. De nigger would want you to, sah.

HAY. Why so?

BOOTBLACK. Kase you isn't ob de right make-up. Hair too straight, like an Injin's. Nebber try to be a nigger, sah. (*Packing up brush and blacking.*)

HAY. Here! what are you doing? You haven't blacked the other boot.

BOOTBLACK. Nebber finish a job widout de pay fust, sah.

HAY. Hey? Ain't you doin' this for nuthin'?

BOOTBLACK. Fo' twenty cents, sah.

HAY. (*rising to his feet*). Nuthin' said about twenty

cents. Skowhegan plunket! the ordinary price ain't only ten.

BOOTBLACK. Fo' common feet, sah. Costs more to paint de big house den it does de little one. Twenty cents fo' you, sah.

HAY. I won't pay it, I'll be durned if I will!

BOOTBLACK. Jess as ye like, sah. Nebber quarrel wid a man wid a big foot. It ain't safe, sah. (*Picking up stool and starting off.*) Speak well fo' de blacking, sah.

HAY. Here, come back. Du you think I want tu be left half shod? Finish the job an' I'll rake up the money, if it takes the last cent.

BOOTBLACK. Couldn't do it, nohow. Nebber could live to go 'round dat odder foot. Good-day, sah. Speak well fo' de blacking. (*Exit L.*)

HAY. Well, that youngster is bound to have his own rights, or nothing. Mighty good idea, too. Should have held me for that twenty cents, though; only point in which he lacked judgment. (*Looking at his feet.*) Ha! ha! played it on me well. Hang it! my feet look like a field half ploughed. Shall have to strike another bootblack to finish the job.

POLICEMAN (*entering from L.*). Move on! Shure, and you have obstructed the sidewalk long enough.

HAY. Sho! you don't say. Nuthin' tu hinder you from passin', is there?

POLICE. Not the idea at all, at all. Yees are obstructing the sidewalk. The ginerol public can't go by yees widout taking the street.

HAY. Hain't tu people passed in the last ten minutes. Hull crowd on 'em down on t'other street, though. Must be a cattle-show or circus down that way somewheres, I reckon.

POLICE. Shall I be afther assisting yeez to move, or will yeez move without?

HAY. Wa'all, I reckon you kin assist me. Much obleeged. Jest take that keerpit bag an' lead me tu a first-class tavern. Durned if you ain't the most obligin' chap I've struck in Bostown. You are, by Methuselah!

POLICE. No trifling. Yees move along, or I'll be afther taking yees to the station-house.

HAY. Sho! can't loaf 'round here ez you would in a pasture, then? Skowhegan plunket! you could race in my fields a hull day, an' I wouldn't say a durned word. Do you own this cow-path, mister?

POLICE. I have charge of it, sur — yis.

HAY. You du. Wa'all, now, how much'll you charge tu jest go along an' mind your own business?

POLICE. Thunder an' 'ounds! this talk to me? Whom be yees ondressing, yees spalpeen?

HAY. Sorter reckon I don't know, squire.

POLICE. (*straightening himself up proudly*). I'm a Policeman.

HAY. (*looking him over*). Sho! you don't say. Durned if I didn't take you for one of 'em fellers ez leads a bear around with a string. I did, by Methuselah! Reckon a policeman must be somethin' higher than that?

POLICE. Shure and yees will foind out, and mighty quick, too. I'll not speak again. If yees are here on my return, bad luck to the mither that raised yees; that's all. (*Walks promptly across stage and off L.*)

HAY. Durned if I couldn't put him in my vest-pocket an' use him for a toothpick. (*Assuming his natural voice.*) Well, that's the end of that racket. (*Looking off R.*) Hello! there are the partners of that lightning-rod dispenser. I can tell them as far as a man can tell the smell of a skunk.

(*Enter from R., SECOND and THIRD BUNCO MEN. They are stylishly dressed, with stovepipe hats, and canes, etc. As they pass HAYMAKER, the SECOND B. M. suddenly stops, looks at him critically, and then extends his hand.*)

SECOND B. M. Pardon me, sir; but if you are not Solomon Slopeworth, of Oxford County, Maine, then I have lost my reckoning. Mr. Slopeworth, how do you do?

HAY. (*grasping his hand*). Purty well, thank'ee.

B. M. Mr. Slopeworth, this is my friend, Charles Mathews.

HAY. Durned glad tu see ye, both on ye. (*Grasping and shaking their hands.*) How's the folks at hum? (*They try to release their hands.*) Sho! ain't a-hurtin' on ye, be I? Ha! ha! ha! ain't jest used tu a Granger's shake, I reckon. Wa'all, wa'all (*wringing their hands*), take it good-naturedly, Mr.—er—er—what did you say your name was?

B. M. (*trying to withdraw his hand*). Ah, yes: Pinkham—Jim Pinkham, sir.

HAY. (*holding their hands and thinking*). Pinkham! Pinkham! Don't seem tu recollect that name, somehow. Ain't no relation of Lydia's, be ye?

B. M. None whatever. You will recollect that I was at your place two years ago. I not only remember you, but your wife Margaret, and your daughter Miranda,

HAY. The deuce you do. (*Shaking their hands.*) Durned if it don't make you seem like old friends. (*Releasing their hands.*) Funny, I can't place you, though. What wus you a-doin'?

B. M. I took supper with you. You will remember me by that.

HAY. I s'pose I'd orter: but I've fed so many tramps, that —

B. M. (*indignantly*). Beg pardon, sir: I was not there as a tramp.

HAY. Oh! you wasn't. Wa'all, I couldn't tell, ye see. So many people are beggars one day, an' dress like kings the next, that we're apt tu get 'em mixed up. Wus there for somethin', I s'pose?

B. M. I was looking at horses. A man by name of Caleb Johnson was there too. At supper-time you invited me in.

HAY. Did — eh? Hed a good supper, didn't ye?

B. M. Never could ask for a better. The products of the farm were well represented, and I think I did justice to them. Strange you should have forgotten me.

HAY. Wa'all, I can't remember everything no more nor a judge. Didn't sell you a spavined horse, did I?

B. M. No, sir, I bought no horse at all.

HAY. Wa'all, that accounts for it. Had I tucked a foundered horse on tu ye, or one troubled with the epizootic, I might hev remembered you durned quick. Cu'rus how you know me, though.

B. M. I am good at remembering both names and faces. Having seen you at the farm, I should know you if I saw you in Halifax.

HAY. Oh, you would. Wa'all, I'll be durned if that ain't queer. See right through me jest ez you would a piece of glass, wouldn't ye? Now when I cum to Bostown I'm so sorter changed an' stuck up that I hardly know myself. Still, I'm stopped by you, right on the street, an' called Solomon Slopeworth jest ez familiar ez by one o' the family. Beats the Dutch. Durned if I wouldn't like to shake hands agin. I would, by Methuselah! (*Offers hand.*)

THIRD B. M. Excuse me, sir, if I decline.

SECOND B. M. Having tested your shake, you will pardon me if I also decline.

HAY. Ha! ha! ha! feared tu shake hands, be ye? Wa'all, I don't know ez I blame ye. Why, I'll bet tu dollars, an' I've got the money tu back it (*taking roll of money from his pocket and displaying it*), that I've got a grip

that'll hold both on ye tighter'n a bear in a trap. Hope ye won't take the bet, though, durned if I don't. (*Returns money to his pockets.*)

THIRD B. M. Come, Jim, we must hurry to the bank. If not there by three, the check cannot be cashed.

SECOND B. M. (*looking at watch*). Why, it is after five now.

THIRD B. M. What! then we are too late. So much for loitering here. Five hundred dollars is promised at six, and I must have it at whatever risk. How much have you about you?

SECOND B. M. Not ten dollars. How large is the check?

THIRD B. M. Fifteen hundred dollars on First National Bank.

SECOND B. M. Good as the wheat. Perhaps Mr. Slopeworth can accommodate you. He is a thorough business man, and, as I have noticed, has plenty of money. Let him see it.

THIRD B. M. With pleasure. (*Hands check to HAYMAKER.*) You can see more distinctly, Mr. Slopeworth, by turning to the gas-jet burning there in the window. The street-light is somewhat dim. If you can cash the check, or even loan me the six hundred upon it for a few hours, you will oblige me greatly.

HAY (*turning back to audience and facing c.*). Wa'all, I don't mind lookin' at the check, though I ain't so sartin about cashin' it. Let's see: it reads (*holds check above his eyes as if trying to pick it out. As he does so, each B. M. slips a hand into his side pockets*), "Boston, Mass., Sept. fust. Number twenty-one hundred an' fifty-tu. First National Bank. Pay tu the order of Charles Mathews, or bearer, fifteen hundred dollars. (*Traps spring on B. M., who start back with a yell. Quick as a flash, HAYMAKER grasps each one by the throat and swings them around front.*) Ah—ha! taken that other grip, hain't ye? Thought you could beat Solomon Slopeworth, eh! Knew my hull pedigree, did ye? (*They attempt to draw weapons with their free hands.*) Here! touch your pockets, an' I'll bunt your heads together like a pile-driver buntin' a log. (*Twisting them around.*) Oh! I've got you, an I've a good mind tu wring your necks. (*Shakes them.*)

SECOND B. M. (*speaking with effort*). Don't! for God's sake, don't! Let us go, and we will trouble you no more.

THIRD B. M. Release me from this hellish trap, and I'll pay you handsomely.

HAY. You will, eh? Would give your last shirt if you hadn't done it, I'll bet a dollar. Feel at this moment jest like speakin' in meetin', don't ye? Will ye keep quiet if I'll let up on ye?

SECOND B. M. Release me and I am at your command.

HAY. Won't try tu run away, will ye, till I give the signal?

THIRD B. M. Release your hand, and I will remain at your mercy.

HAY. Wa'all, I'll try ye. (*Lets go of their throats.*) There! try tu run now, an' I'll rap your heads together like tu batterin' rams.

SECOND B. M. Now free us from these traps. They hurt like the devil.

HAY. Du they? I'll be durned if I ain't sorry. There was allus somethin' sympathetic about my nature, anyhow. Why, I'd leave a woodchuck in a trap a hull day rather than hurt it by takin' it out. Reckon I'll du the same by you. Don't like it, eh? Wa'all, must keep your hands out o' other people's pockets, then. Look a-here! (*Taking money from his pockets and shaking it before them.*) Plenty o' corn in the crib, if you know where tu find the key. Ha! ha! ha! didn't know where it wus, did ye? (*Returns money to his pockets.*) Now will ye du ez I want you tu if I'll not give ye tu the perlice?

SECOND B. M. We can hardly do otherwise, can we?

HAY. That's so, by Methuselah. Wa'all, just return them traps tu the pockets where you found 'em. (*They start to remove traps.*) No; you needn't take 'em off. Return 'em with the same hand you took 'em off with. (*They hesitate.*) Come! will ye du az I tell ye? (*They reluctantly obey.*) There! now sorter look happy an pleasant-like, for there's a pesky perliceman a-comin' at double-quick.

POLICE. (*enters from L.*). Begorra! yeez are still here, and in moighty foine company, too. Are yeez acquainted with thim two gintlemen?

HAY. In course I am. Wouldn't be so durned familiar with 'em unless I was, would I?

POLICE. And would yeez moind telling how the familiarity took place?

HAY. Wa'all, perhaps that's a secret I don't want tu explain. Ain't obleeged tu, be I?

POLICE. Shure, there's no compulsion about it, no, sir; but in duty to meself and me profession, I'll be afther saying that thim two gintlemen are pickpockets.

HAY. Skowhegan plunket! you don't say! Why, I've got over tu thousand dollars in each side pocket. I'm letting 'em put their hands right in on tu it, tu. See? (*Points to his pockets.*) Now I'll bet tu dollars they don't touch a cent on it.

POLICE. Begorra! yeez must be an ould fool or a thaif in disguise. I've a good moind to arrest the whole gang of yeez.

HAY. Oh, don't get excited, squire. Why, I'd jest ez soon they would handle that money ez not. Like the same privilege yerself, wouldn't ye? Wa'all, Jim, pick up that keerpit bag and we'll trudge along. (*He hesitates.*) Come, pick it right up. (SECOND B. M. *picks up valise reluctantly.*)

POLICE. (*aside*). Moighty quare proceedings this. Begorra! I'll keep an eye on him, or they'll drain him of the last cint. (*Aloud to B. M.*) If yeez two chaps are not mighty careful, yeez will find your ould places.

SECOND B. M. Sir, I —

THIRD B. M. I, sir —

HAY. Don't you fret, squire. They're all right, I reckon. Jest trot along about your business, an' we'll du the same.

POLICE. (*moving R. Aside.*). I'll kape an eye on thim, anyhow. (*Exit R.*)

HAY. Come, now we'll go tu the tavern. Oh, don't look so gloomy. Blowed if a man wouldn't think, tu look at ye, that ye'd both stolen a sheep. I'll swear that you haven't, by Methuselah. Now jest act your purtiest, an' I'll du the same. (*Moving R.*) Remember, this is the fust, an' may be the last, time you will ever walk out with Solomon Slope-worth, the Granger. (*They exit R. As they disappear, RICHARD and MINNIE, disguised as musicians, enter from L., cross stage and exit R., as scene closes in.*)

SCENE II. — *Interior of bar-room. Bar L. C., back. Opening R. C., showing waiting-room beyond. Table R. C., front, containing papers, etc. Bartender behind bar. Two or three at bar, drinking. As scene opens, they pay for drinks and exit R. 3 E. Commotion in room R. C., back.*

BARKEEPER. What's the racket in there, I wonder! (*Goes to entrance and looks in.*)

HAY. (*approaching opening with pickpockets, same as in last scene*). How de du, squire? Fine evening. Jest right tu make corn an' grass grow right smart. Been sarchin' for a fust-class tavern, an' my tu friends tuk me here.

BARK. (*looking at them sharply*). Have your baggage checked in other room, please.

HAY. Wa'all, ez I've cum to stay, I sorter reckon I don't want it checked. (*Pushes his way into room.*) Oh, don't look so durned skeert. Never saw a Granger afore, did ye? Jim, sot that keerpit bag under the table. (*They cross to table. Barkeeper goes behind bar.*)

SECOND B. M. (*placing valise under table*). Let us out of this without going further, and we will pay you five hundred dollars spot cash.

THIRD B. M. Subjecting us to this ridicule is worse than going to State's Prison. For Heaven's sake, let us off.

HAY. Ha! ha! ha! don't like my company, eh? Wished ye hadn't recognized me, don't ye? Durned if I ain't sorry. When I become attached to an old hat, or an old pair o' boots, it's jest like pullin' a tooth tu part with 'em. Jest the same with my friends, tu. Du I talk tu much tu suit ye?

SECOND B. M. It's the trap, sir. Can't you release me from that?

(*POLICEMAN seen standing in entrance R. C., back.*)

HAY. Could if I took a notion, I s'pose, but I don't. It ain't policy tu let down the bars an' let the cattle intu the wheat. Why, look a-here; if you've got an unruly steer, jest keep him inside a high fence, or else knock him in the head; it don't make much difference which. Skowhegan plunket! if you're in pain, we'll call for some balm o' Gilead. (*Swings them around to bar. Three or four loafers enter R. 3 E., and seat themselves around table.*) Look a-here, landlord, hain't got eny Good Samaritan or St. Jacob's ile, hev ye?

BARK. (*with knowing smile*). Will give you the best we have. (*Sets out tumblers and decanter.*)

HAY. (*taking up decanter and smelling*). I'll be durned if that don't smell jest like Jamaica ginger down in Maine. It does, by Methuselah. (*Fills glass and sets down decanter.*)

POLICE. A—a—a—hem! ahem!

HAY. (*seeing POLICEMAN*). Hey? I'll be sheep-sheared if that durned perliceman hain't followed us here. How de du, squire? Walk right up an' express your feelin's. (*POLICEMAN rushes to bar.*) Think I'm jest turned out tu grass an' need watchin', don't ye? (*SECOND B. M. reaches for decanter.*) Here, that ain't your kind. (*Takes decanter and hands it to POLICEMAN.*) Now, fill right up, an' don't say a durned word. Landlord, jest pass down thet Congress Water, will ye?

BARK. (*handing down bottle marked Congress Water*). Here you are, sir.

HAY. Thank'ee. (*Passes bottle to B. M.*) There! reckon that Congress Water will jest hit you tu a T. (*They hesitate.*) Come, hurry up! A slow hoss in hayin' time, with a storm comin' up, is a pesky poor team. (*They reluctantly fill glasses.*)

FIRST LOAFER (*loudly*). Is it dry times down to your house, Joe?

SECOND LOAFER. Yes; mighty dry.

HAY. (*turning around*). Hey? Here, you sorter look out for thet keerpit bag under the table. It's mine. Reckon you said somethin' about bein' dry, didn't ye? Wa'all, slide right up tu the bar; that is, if you kin. (*LOAFERS rush to bar.*) Don't drink with a "hayseed" every day, ye know; so fill er right up. (*LOAFERS fill glasses.*) There! Now drink a health tu Solomon Slopeworth, a self-made man, an' one of the largest land-owners in Maine. (*All drink but BUNCO MEN, who try to work glasses over their shoulders; they are seen by HAYMAKER.*) Here! Never saw a man with a mouth hung over his shoulder. Jest drink that down in the old-fashioned way. (*They drink it down, making wry faces.*)

POLICE. (*after all have finished*). Would yeez be after stepping this way for a moment? I would speak wid yeez.

HAY. Why, sartin. Jest wait until arter Jim settles the bill, though. Reckon they don't keep no slate here, so jest fork over the cash.

SECOND B. M. Why, sir, I —

HAY. (*authoritatively*). Jest shell right out an' pay. D'ye hear? (*SECOND B. M. throws down money spitefully; LOAFERS retire to table.*) Ha, ha, ha! Nuthin' like havin' friends ez takes an interest in ye. (*Goes down L. I E. with POLICEMAN.*) Wa'all, squire, which side o' me du you want tu see fust?

POLICE. Shure, and I would see yeez alone, sur.

HAY. Don't be afeard, squire. If you've enything tu say, jest spit er right out.

POLICE. Shure, and your two friends —

HAY. Oh, ye needn't mind them. We three, like cats, dogs, an' chickens, eat out o' the same dish; that is, jest at present. Why, I wouldn't hev nuthin' whispered tu me without them a-hearin' it for a full-blooded Chester pig. I wouldn't, by Methuselah. Let er slide, squire.

POLICE. Well, sor, as a policeman (*straightening himself up proudly*), and knowing yeez to be from the counthry, and

in the company of sharpers, I have taken upon meself the liberty to follow yeez ez becomes me profession. Shure, and I have informed yeez before, that these two gentlemen were pickpockets; but yeez still cling to them as affectionately as a sick kitten to a hot brick. Shure, and they cling to yeez in the same way, too, afther knowing meself to be a policeman, and upon their track. I fail to understand it at all, at all. Begorra! unless they travel at once, I shall put thim under arrest.

HAY. I wouldn't du it, squire; I'll be durned if I would. Arrest a man tu many times on suspicion, an' you sort o' spile him. Durned if I hain't seen a dog whipped for lookin' at sheep until they kind o' made a sheep out o' the dog. Now, I sorter think a thief kin be halter broke so ez tu be led right in tu temptation, an' come out ez unscathed ez a salamander out o' the fire. Don't believe it, du ye?

POLICE. Begorra! I'd give them the handcuffs ivery toime.

HAY. Wa'all, now handcuffs tu me are a good deal like a poke on a hoss. They don't look purty; an' besides, they give the hoss a bad name. Why, look a-here, squire; these chaps, tu me. look good deal more like editors tu some Sunday-school weekly than they du pickpockets. They du, by Methuselah.

POLICE. Yeez have not learned to recognize sharpers by their foine clothes and illigant manners, sor.

HAY. Then sharpers dress in broadcloth, du they? Wa'all, wa'all, that beats the Dutch! Believing these tu chaps tu be thieves jest makes me homesick. Purty sure you told the truth, ain't ye?

POLICE. Shure and I did, sor. I know thim well. Begorra! they show guilt in their faces at this idintical moment. (B. M. *look sheepish.*)

HAY. You don't say. Wa'all, I'll be blowed! Chaps ez slick ez a new bonnet in a bandbox, a-bankerin' arter a man's spare change. I wouldn't a-thought it; I wouldn't, by Methuselah. (*Looking down.*) Here! I'll be Skowhegan plunketed, if they ain't in my pockets now. (*Shouts.*) Cotch on tu 'em! Don't let 'em git away!

POLICE. (*rushing up*). Come to my assistance, ivery mother's son of yeez.

(*All rush upon thieves. POLICEMAN and LOAFER drag B. M. to R., the others drag B. M. to L. As they do so, the traps and chains are discovered fastened to their hands. All start back in surprise.*)

POLICE. What the divil is all that?

BAR. (*going behind bar laughing*). A genuine Yankee trick.

LOAFER. Ha, ha, ha! Boxed as neat as a fox in a trap.

SECOND B. M. Yes; curse him! This is the result of trying to pick up a damned country clown.

THIRD B. M. Give us an opportunity, though, and we'll sift the hayseed out of his hair; and don't you forget it.

HAY. W—w—what's the matter round here? Eny o' you chaps struck a hornet's nest? Let 'em run right off with a man's property, wouldn't ye? (*To B. M.*) Where ye started tu with them traps?

SECOND B. M. You promised if we obeyed your wishes to keep us from the police. You have lied, curse you!

HAY. Wa'all, now, I didn't intend tu; durned if I did. Sorter reckon I won't either. Just wanted tu show you off, that's all. Why, look a-here; durned if you don't look like tu peacocks caught out in a rain. You du, by Methuselah.

SECOND B. M. Yes; two peacocks in the coils of an old snake. Give—

HAY. (*lifting his hand*). Shet right up, or I'll mash you intu a pint o' hot mush.

POLICE. Case enough against them for arrest.

HAY. Wa'all, you can't du it if there is. I'm jedge an' jury o' these tu chaps, an' jailer, tu. (*To THIRD B. M.*) Now, you jest pay the drinks for the crowd, an' I'll let down the bars an' give ye a chance tu travel; that is, providin' you're purty considerable kind o' civil. Will ye du it?

THIRD B. M. Yes; to be out of these traps, and your company, I'd pay for a hundred drinks.

HAY. Thank'ee! Don't appreciate me ez you did, du ye? Like eatin' tu many green peas, 'cause you like 'em, an' then hatin' the effect arterwards. Wa'all, gentlemen, walk right up tu the counter. (*All go to bar.*) Kind o' reckon I'll keep you on the same kind o' fodder. (*Fills their glasses same as before.*) Wa'all, gentlemen, drink together like a lot o' hosses at a trough. (*All drink but B. M.*) Down with thet Congress Water, I say, or I'll trot ye over the hull city. (*B. M. drink.*)

THIRD B. M. (*throwing down money*). There! If your revenge is complete, just remove these bracelets.

HAY. Why, sartin. Glad tu accommodate ye in anything practicable. (*Taking hold of traps.*) When you go tu Oxford County, Maine, jest call on Solomon Slopeworth, an' he'll treat you tu ez good a meal o' farm produce ez you ever tasted. (*Opens traps and lets them out.*) An' another

thing. When you pick up another Granger on the street, don't take him for a pumpkin until you have tested the rind. A heap o' farmers, sunburnt an' rusty lookin', are jest ez well posted an' shrewd ez you high-toned chaps, who kin support a cane an' a stove-pipe hat. Now you kin go. (*The two B. M. sneak out, R. C. back; as they go, LOAFER starts the shout, "Hurrah for the Granger!" in which the others join.*)

(LOAFERS, POLICEMAN, and BARKEEPER surround HAY-MAKER, and examine traps and chains.)

LOAFER. Well, that beats all the thief protectors I ever saw.

POLICE. Shure, and did yeez have thim fastened whin on the strate?

HAY. Sorter reckon I did, squire.

BARK. Well, how do you work the thing, anyway?

HAY. Won't try tu pick my pockets if I tell ye, I s'pose?

BARK. Hardly, unless I am crazy.

HAY. Wa'all, I sot the traps so (*sets traps*); then I places 'em in my pockets this way (*places traps in his pockets*), an' when the sign is right, show 'em my money (*takes out rolls of bills*); then return it tu my pockets (*returns money to his pockets*), arter which, I turn around, kind o' absent-minded like, this way (*turns around facing C., back*), an' let 'em work. Want tu try it, eny on ye? (*All say "No! no!" and fall back.*) Bet tu dollars there ain't one on ye kin hit the genuine article without being caught.

BARK. The man who takes you for a spring chicken will get left. I can see that plainly.

HAY. I reckon you're correct, squire. S'pose I've travelled all over Europe, an' the north part of Maine, for nuthin'? Tried this same scheme on in New York, an' it worked jest like a charm. Caught four on 'em in one day. Weren't but a leetle behind in Chicago, nuther. Durned if thet Chicago ain't the wust place for blacklegs I was ever in. Why, you'll find 'em stuck on tu every corner ez thick ez flies on tu a lump o' sugar. They don't want tu fool round Solomon Slopeworth, though, or they'll find his eyes ez wide open ez Uncle Zekiel's wus, when the boys tried tu pitch him intu the river.

BARK. How was that?

HAY. (*seating himself at table, and throwing one leg across it*). Wa'all, the boys, ye see, hired Uncle Zekiel, who weighed some over tu hundred pound, an' wus sorter foolish on top o' that, tu kneel an' pray on the eend o' a plank

bridge where the water wus some over four feet deep underneath. Their intentions wus, when he got well tu goin', tu jest creep up behind an' shove him off; but Uncle Zekiel kiender smelt a rat, an' so prayed with his eyes wide open. They told him ez how no man ez wus a prayin' man ever prayed in thet sort o' style; but Zekiel answered, that he wus prayin' jest ez he wus taught tu du in the Scripters. When asked how thet wus, he told them that, in the Scripters, he wus commanded tu watch ez well ez tu pray; an' thet wus jest what he wus a-tryin' tu du. (*All laugh.*) I tell ye, squire, I'm like Uncle Zekiel; I'm allus on the watch.

POLICE. Did yeez iver get come up wid, sor?

HAY. Never did, squire; though I'll allow I've been in some purty tight places. I sorter seem tu attract sharpers, somehow, jest like a puddle o' molasses a lot o' flies. Why, they went clean tu Oxford County, Maine, tu du me up with the bogus gold-brick scheme; but I outwitted the hull lot. Ike Hicky, though, next-door neighbor tu me, didn't pan out so lucky.

BARK. They scooped him in, did they?

HAY. Tu thousand dollars in clean cash. But, then, Ike allus wus unlucky, an' absent-minded, tu. Durned if he wouldn't forget his own name sometimes, an' hev tu ask his wife what it wus. He'd walk haff a day in the rain with an amberil right under his arm, an' then wonder why in thunder he didn't take one with him. Why, Ike got married on a Saturday, tuck his new bride tu church the next day, an' arter services, hitched up his team an' druv clean tu miles towards hum alone, afore he recollected he wus a married man. Then he druv back an' took her in. Absent-minded? I guess he wus.

BARK. If he was as unlucky accordingly, he must have led a miserable life.

HAY. Miserable? Ike Hicky wus so pesky unlucky, he couldn't be miserable. He didn't hev time atween showers. Why, look a-here; I've seen young 'uns spanked so often, that tu miss a punishment 'ud make 'em feel unhappy; an' it wus some so with Ike. If a day passed without somethin' going wrong, it jest put him all out o' jint. Unlucky? Why, I saw more ill-luck pile on tu thet man in five minits once, than 'ud fall on tu an ordinary man in ten years.

BARK. How did that happen?

HAY. Wa'all, Ike got tu arguin' with his wife once, an' usin' his right forefinger for a pointer, gave her a plum-centre hit clean in the right eye. She tilted over back, kind o' tragic-like, an' fainted. Bein' a woman ez weighed some

over tu hundred pounds, the fall, ez you may imagine, was not slight. She went through the dinner-table ker-smash, broke the leg o' one child in the fall, knocked over the stove, sent seven lengths o' sooty pipe through four lights of ten-by-twelve glass, which frightened a couple o' colts in the front yard; the colts waltzed over the fence intu a herd o' tu-year old steers; the steers an' colts run against some props ez was used tu hold up an old barn; the props gave way, the barn collapsed, killin' the hull lot, besides smashin' a top buggy, an' a bran new sleigh which Ike hed stored away for winter use. And all of this happened on one of Ike's most favorable days, tu. (*All laugh.*)

(RICHARD and MINNIE, *disguised as musicians, enter from R. C., back; they remain standing down R.*)

BARK. (*laughing*). Look here, my suburban friend, I think you are spreading that on too thick.

HAY. Du ye? Don't know Ike Hicky ez well ez I du, I reckon, or you'd think different. Why, Ike built a barn once; an' what did the pesky jackass du, but place the foundation upon a bed o' pure undefiled clay. The result was, when the frost came it warped the pesky thing so completely out o' shape, that it couldn't hardly stand still. In the barn was some forty head o' cattle, which Ike was a-winterin' the fust season. There was Jarseys, an' Shorthorns, an' Suffolks, an' Ayrshires, an' some ez wasn't neither but a leetle of all. They was ez straight, plump, well-proportioned cattle when they entered that barn in the fall ez a man 'ud wish tu see; but you'd orter seen 'em in the spring. So confoundedly did that barn warp an' double up durin' the winter months, that, when them air cattle was let out tu pasture in the month o' May, I'll be blest if each one on 'em weren't twisted completely out o' shape. Now that's a fact, by Methuselah. (*All laugh.*)

BARK. (*placing glasses and decanter on table*). Here, walk right up, gentlemen. (*All go to bar.*) A yarn like that needs washing to go down with good relish.

POLICE. Begorra! and thin it will digest as hard as ould cheese.

LOAFER (*after glasses are filled*). Here is luck to Ike Hicky, the unluckiest man in the State of Maine.

SECOND LOAFER. And may he never have a worse neighbor beside him than Solomon Slopeworth.

HAY. Thankee! Thankee! (*All drink.*)

BARK. (*perceiving RICHARD and MINNIE down R.*). Well, what are you two looking for?

RICHARD (*advancing to bar as others fall back*. POLICEMAN goes down L.; LOAFERS seat themselves at table; HAYMAKER leans against counter L. C.). Can we sing, sir, for a few pennies, my sister and I? We will try and please you, sir.

BARK. Singing not allowed in the house. Go on to the street.

MIN. (*advancing*). Just one song, please. If we do not please the gentlemen—

BARK. I tell you—

HAY. Hold on, squire. I ruther hear singin' than a Congressional speech eny day in the week. Jest let 'em warble once, if they want tu.

BARK. Very well, to please you. Well, if you have any music in you, let us hear it.

(RICHARD and MINNIE advance to C. of stage and sing song. *If musicians, a guitar, or some other instrument, or instruments, played by them, would add greatly to the effect. At close, all cheer and call for more.*)

HAY. Skowhegan plunket! look a-here. I've got a gal at home ez kin warble like a linnet; an' I'll be durned if this gal don't sing jest like her. Squire, I'd like tu hear 'em agin.

POLICE. Begorra! I second the motion.

BARK. Very well! Give us another song.

(*Second song. At close all clap their hands and cheer.*

MINNIE passes around small box for pennies.)

MIN. (*approaching HAY*). A few pennies, please.

HAY. (*taking out roll of bills*). Solomon Slopeworth don't pay for no sech singin' ez that with pennies. Here's a tu-dollar bill (*throwing bill into box*); an' if you're an honest couple, an' in want, I'll double it.

MIN. We try to be honest, sir. We have ourselves and a sick mother to support, and do it by singing. It is our only means of earning a living.

HAY. (*to POLICE*). Know anything about this couple, squire?

POLICE. Niver saw the loikes of thim before, sor.

LOAFER. Where do you live?

RICH. Just off from Court Square, sir. Moved here from New York two weeks ago.

BARK. Why did you leave that city for this?

RICH. We were burned out, sir. Only a few books to which my father attached great value were saved. My father

lost his life in the fire, and we keep the books on that account. A brother to my mother is somewhere in this city, and we came here to find him. We got out of money, and so took rooms, and my sister and I play and sing for a living.

MIN. You see, sir, my father believed in something different from most people, and had a lot of books that treated on the subject. My brother Harry believes in the same thing, and so refuses to sell the books unless we are in absolute want. Father calls his belief — calls it — well — (*Hesitates.*) Harry, what is it father calls his belief?

RICH. Evolution.

HAY. (*starting quickly*). Hey? Wus that your father's belief? Skowhegan plunket! I should hev liked tu hev met him. Are the books thet are saved relatin' tu thet subject?

RICH. They are, sir; though the books of Darwin were burned. I lay up ten cents a week toward buying a new set; but the money comes slow, sir, very slow.

HAY. You shall hev the books, yengster; every one on 'em. Skowhegan plunket! I'll pay for 'em out of my own pocket. Evolution? Why, thet is one of the grandest beliefs under the sun. The only true an' correct theory ez wus ever advanced ez tu the origin o' man. I believe in it clean tu the backbone. I advocate it, yengster; an' if you are makin' it a study, an' need help, jest call on Solomon Slopeworth, an' you'll find it.

MIN. Oh, sir, I wish you could see his books. You might assist him.

HAY. Wa'all, I kin. I'll go right tu the house. Go right hum with you this minit.

RICH. Can you do so without trouble to yourself? It is not a great way, sir, and we can show you quickly. It is a humble place, but we are poor, sir.

HAY. Don't care a durn about the place. (*Crosses to the table and picks up carpet-bag.*) I jest wañt tu see them books. Whenever I see a young man ez is bound tu get at the truth, he'll find Solomon Slopeworth ther tu help him, if he has tu crawl through a thorn bed tu du it. Yengster, jest lead the way tu them air books.

(*RICHARD exit R. C., back, followed by MINNIE, HAYMAKER, and POLICEMAN; BARKEEPER remains behind bar, and LOAFERS seated at table as scene closes in.*)

SCENE 3. — *Plain kitchen or sitting-room. Lounge C. L. ; table R. C., on which are dishes, food, lighted lamp, etc. ; chairs R. and L. Entrance R. C. back and L. 3 E. As scene opens, MRS. HAYMAKER is arranging table.*

MRS. HAY. This is a queer proceeding, I must confess. Deserting my own home, stealing away to the city here like a thief, and all for the purpose of playing a practical joke upon my husband. It is not probable, though, that we shall succeed ; in fact, to me, it is very improbable. (*Looking at table.*) There ! I believe I have the table arranged with all that is necessary for the occasion. Now to place the drug in the coffee-cup, and my part of the programme is complete. (*Takes white paper from her pocket, unfolds it, and shakes white powder into cup. Then places tumblers on table, R.*) Hark ! There are footsteps in the lower hall. In order to be on the safe side, and avoid mistakes, I will retire to the other room. (*Exit L. 3 E.*)

(*Enter R. C. back, RICHARD, MINNIE, and MR. HAYMAKER.*)

HAY. (*speaking as he enters*). Now, to use the exact words of Mr. Spencer, which is ez follows : "There is in living organisms a margin of functional oscillations on all sides of a mean state, and a consequent margin of structural variation." There's the hull thing, ye see, ciphered right down to a nutshell.

RICH. Yes ; and in very simple language, too. Have a seat, sir. (*Shows him to lounge. MINNIE removes things L. C. RICHARD remains standing at table.*)

HAY. (*seating himself on lounge. Places carpet-bag on floor beside him*). Jest because the oak is derived from the oak, an' dogs frum dogs, ain't no sign that these variations have become fixed through some law of hereditary descent an' can't be changed. Why, look a-here ; the reason why like produces like, is jest because they are produced under the same nat'ral conditions. See ?

RICH. I see. (*MINNIE exit L. 3 E.*)

HAY. Take a plant from its native situation, an' plant it in some garden, an' tend it ez you would a lot o' cabbages, an' a heap o' times you wouldn't recognize it ez the same plant.

RICH. I have noticed it, sir.

HAY. Take a man frum his native sphere, an' sot him down in some new latitude, jest the opposite in every par-

ticular from his nat'ral clime, an' ten tu one if he don't pass through sech a change, that in a few years his own grandmother wouldn't know him.

RICH. I don't doubt it, sir.

HAY. Which shows, ye see, if all organic an' inorganic bein's wus subjected to extreme changes, an' propagated under entirely different conditions, new species might be derived, an' results obtained that would startle the philosophers of our enlightened modern age. We have seen —

MIN. (*enters from L. 3 E. with books*). Here are the books, sir.

HAY. (*not heeding*). The wonderful divergences resultin' from payin' careful attention tu breedin' in fowls an' animals. There has arisen one hundred and fifty kinds o' rock pigeon from a single species which still hold true tu the variety. All of our dogs hev been the result of the same species, while in plants, even, this wonderful transformation is still taking place.

MIN. I have brought you the books, sir.

HAY. (*not heeding*). Geologists an' naturalists hev shown us that all species an' varieties are continually dyin' out, an' new varieties of animal an' vegetable life are continually springin' into a state of existence, an' supplantin' the places of those that are past.

RICH. Beg pardon, sir; but my sister is waiting with the books for you to examine.

HAY. Hey? Wa'all, why didn't you say so afore? (*Taking books and looking them over.*) These are the books, eh? Huxley, Spencer, Henslow, an' Lyell. Got 'em all myself, includin' Hodge, Mivart, Lubbock, Hæckel, an' a heap o' others besides. They ain't anywheres, though, compared tu Darwin; that is, in my way o' thinkin'. Why, I wouldn't be without the works o' Darwin no more nor I would be without a rake in hayin' time.

RICH. Father has made almost those same remarks himself.

HAY. Has, eh? Wa'all, now, I should jedge your father tu be a man o' good sound judgment; an' it is jest sech kind o' men who are sartin tu be cut off right in the blossom o' life. Now ez tu the theory o' Darwin —

MIN. Excuse me, sir; but won't you take supper with us? We should be pleased to have you, and we can listen to your talk at the same time.

HAY. Reckon you don't know Solomon Slopeworth, gal, or you'd never ask him tu fodder. Why, I've been packin' victuals atween my jaws for the last sixty years, an' they

still open for more, jest like a robin's mouth afore it quits the nest. Clean ye all out at one mouthful, wouldn't I?

MIN. I think not, sir. We have coffee and hot rolls which mother always keeps warm for us, even when she is away, as she is now. If you say you will eat with us, I will bring them in.

HAY. Wa'all, if it'll sorter please ye, I reckon I will. I've kinder taken a fancy tu you two, somethin' like a cannibal tu a missionary, I guess, an' will show my appreciation by cleanin' out the larder. If the pantry runs dry, though, jest order in another an' I'll pay for it. (*Places books and his hat on the lounge.*)

RICH. I think we have plenty of food, such as it is. You will be seated here. (*Seats HAYMAKER at head of table facing audience. RICHARD sits R. MINNIE exit L. I E.*)

HAY. (*seating himself at table*). Wa'all, this beats all creation. Fust, a-listenin' tu two street singers, ez I might call ye, an' the next thing eatin' with 'em in a tenement house up six stories. Durned if it ain't what a scholar would farm sorter romantic. It is, by Methuselah.

RICH. We hardly know, sir, what a blue sky in the morning will bring forth before night.

HAY. No; or how high a keg o' powder will hist a man if he should touch it off. Nuthin' like comparisons, ye see, tu give an effect tu an argument. (*MINNIE enters with coffee and rolls L. I E.*)

MIN. Now I will wait upon you and then make one of the party. (*Turns out coffee into cup containing powder and passes it to HAYMAKER. RICHARD passes bread, sugar, etc. MINNIE seats herself at table L. Business.*) There! now I am ready to listen.

HAY. (*eating at intervals while talking*). Wa'all, tu begin with, if I kin talk atween mouthfuls, it is purty obvious that man is constructed on the same general type or model ez other mammals. The bones of his skeleton, muscles, nerves, blood-vessels, internal viscera, an' even his brain, ez shown by Huxley, an' haff admitted by Bischoff, correspond with the monkey, bat, an' also the seal. He is subjected tu the same diseases, tu. Why, look a-here! (*Eating and motioning with his hands as he talks.*) In a state o' embryology you can't distinguish a human being from an ape; an' it is only at corresponding stages o' development that the difference kin be detected, an' each part takes upon itself its own counterpart or likeness. Now that's kind o' cur'us, ain't it? (*Takes up coffee to drink.*)

RICH. I should say it was.

HAY. (*setting down coffee without drinking*). Say! here's another cu'rus thing. Darwin says the resemblance atween monkeys, gorillas, chimpanzees, oranges, an' anthropomorphous apes is so strikin' ez tu warrant a strong relationship existin' atween 'em. Ever notice it afore?

RICH. Not that I know of.

HAY. Then agin, their features, emotions, an' expressions are similar. Some on 'em have naked foreheads, beards, whiskers, mustaches, an' even heads o' hair which part in the middle, jest like a human pusson. Why, they so imitate man in his actions an' habits, that, though man is endowed with an intellect an' monkeys ain't, it is purty durned evident tu me that both are the result of unbroken inheritance from a common progenitor. (*Eating*.)

RICH. How are we to know this?

HAY. How? Why, by the simple secret of progression. Every thing that moves along upon the wheels o' time has sartinly got tu progress or improve. It can't du otherwise. The moment it begins tu retrograde, it falls back, dies out, an' finally becomes extinct. (*Drinks part of coffee*.)

RICH. Exactly!

HAY. (*setting down cup*). Man has been progressin' for incalculable ages. But ez he has progressed he has taken upon himself new endowments. These endowments kin be classed under the head o' language, inventive genius, power o' reasonin', thirst for knowledge, an' so on. The last endowment was that o' conscience. Conscience is unknown tu the savages tu-day. It is, ez I believe, a comparatively new gift, an' derived from the progress of evolution. (*Drinking coffee*.) That is purty good coffee, by Methuse-lah.

MIN. It is the best we could get, considering our circumstances.

HAY. Now, tu reason a bit. If man has progressed from a primitive state up into his present condition, he sartinly must have progressed from a still lower state up into primitive man. See?

RICH. I see, sir. (*Aside*.) Wish he would hurry up with that coffee.

HAY. (*taking another drink of coffee*). When man fust diverged from the Old World stock is purty onsartin; but there's a heap o' evidence — (*Pauses*.) Hold on! thet ain't jest the p'int I was a-talkin' about. (*Rubbing his head*.) Sorter feel dull in my head, somehow. What wus I a-speakin' about last?

RICH. You were describing the organic chain, sir.

HAY. So I wus. Durned funny I should hev gotten off the track — it is, by Methuselah. Hain't pizened this coffee, hev ye?

RICH. (*laughing*). If we have, I think we shall suffer with you, as we are all drinking from the same coffee-pot.

HAY. (*acting confused and rubbing his forehead*). Now, let's see. Organic chain. Oh, yes, startin' frum the Vertebrates wus the larvæ o' existin' Ascidian. That is one link, ye see, though not the fust. Then follows the chain o' fishes which is, Lancelot, Ganoids, Lepidosirens, an' Amphibians. Purty big names; but all o' which mean sumthin' if you look 'em up. What in thunder ails my head? Wa'all, frum fishes the chain is purty well broken till you strike the — strike the — wa'all, the Monotremata link, which tu a slight degree connects mammals with reptiles. Then comes links — chains — traps — (*Confused.*) I mean, arter, after an interval of brakes — o' brakes, comes the Marsupialian link, followed by — by — followed by — (*Rousing up.*) Look a-here, yengster. (*Looking at RICHARD suspiciously.*) How old are ye?

RICH. Seventeen years, sir.

HAY. (*regarding him closely though in a sleepy manner*). Durned if you don't look like it. Almost tu young, I reckon, for — (*Rubbing his eyes and looking at RICHARD.*) Wa'all, wa'all, I feel like a man haff drugged, that's all. Will pass off in a moment, I guess. Let's see! Where hed I a-gotten tu?

RICH. You had just given the Marsupialian link, sir.

HAY. So I hed. Wa'all, the Marsupialian link wus followed by the Lemuridæ, o' course. Didn't ye know that?

RICH. I had forgotten it. (*Aside.*) I wonder if he will ever sleep?

HAY. An' later on came the Simiadæ link, or link o' monkeys an' apes.

RICH. (*after a pause in which HAY. seems to drowse*). Well!

HAY. (*rousing up*). Durned if I am. Room kind o' close, ain't it?

RICH. I will open the window after you finish the Simiadæ link.

HAY. Wa'all, the Simiadæ link, ye see, branched out intu monkeys; an' it wus frum the latter o' these ez originated man. Purty long pedigree, but an illustrious one if you'll jest stop tu look it over.

RICH. I should say so.

HAY. (*talking slowly and brokenly*). It's a purty long

step from coffee-pots tu—tu evolution—curvature of the spine—John Haymaker. (*Rousing up.*) I mean Solomon Slopeworth. When you cotch Solomon Slopeworth nappin', you kin cotch a white blackbird by jest sprinklin' salt on its tail. Wa'all, ez I—or—ez Darwin wus a-sayin', the hull Simian stock, includin' man, so closely resembles monkeys, that—that—tu raise good potatoes, you must plant the seed on new land. Why, look a-here; take away a man's intellect, an'—an' give him a tail, an'—an' he'd make a purty good monkey, even at the present day. That's—so—by—Me—thu—se—lah. (*Mumbles unintelligibly for a moment, then settles down into his chair asleep.*)

RICH. (*after a pause.*) Well, Minnie!

MIN. Well, Richard!

RICH. We have outwitted John Haymaker.

HAY. (*without lifting his head.*) Hey?

MIN. Hush, Richard! he isn't asleep.

RICH. Yes, he is, too. You couldn't awake him if you wanted to. Come; shout to your mother while I get things into shape. (*Rises and crosses to lounge.*)

MIN. This is the most fun I ever had. (*Runs to L. 3 E.; shouts.*) Come in, mother; father's gone to roost.

RICH. Ha, ha, ha! gone to roost! He must be a biped, then. He'll wish he was a mollusk when he awakes.

MIN. What for?

RICH. So as to crawl out of sight. Here, you young Arab! catch hold of the end of this lounge.

MIN. (*taking hold of lounge.*) Arab? I don't look half as black as you do, and my wig is prettier, too. (*They place lounge near centre of stage.*) What are you going to do next?

MRS. HAY. (*enters L. 3 E.*). I was about to ask that question myself.

RICH. Well, we'll take his money and traps, turn his coat wrong side out, and then place him upon the lounge. How long will the potion you gave him keep him asleep?

MRS. HAY. Not but a short time. I wanted to take no risks, and told the physician so when I asked for the powders. He said they were harmless, and that the effects would pass off quickly.

RICH. Then let's hurry up. (*Removes traps and chains and places them on table.*) There! so much for so much. If you understand his pockets, Mrs. Haymaker, you can remove the money and take charge of it.

MRS. HAY. I made the pockets after a pattern of his own invention, and so understand all the secrets. (*Taking out*

money.) Here is what they contain. (*Showing money and then putting it into her pocket.*)

MIN. Now, let's turn his coat wrong side out.

MRS. HAY. Don't be ridiculous, Minnie.

MIN. Well, papa plays jokes upon us when he has a chance, and now I intend to pay him back. I'll help take it off, Richard. (*They remove coat, turn it wrong side out, showing fancy colored lining, and then put it back on.*)

RICH. Now exert your muscle, and we'll put him to roost, as you call it. (*They place HAYMAKER on lounge, head toward R. 1 E., and feet toward L. C. back.*) There! Now where is the mask?

MIN. I will bring it. (*Exit L. 3 E., and returns with mask and large frame done up in paper.*) Here are the things; all of them.

RICH. Well, let's put that table down here. Never mind the dishes — just scrape them back out of the way, and let them set. (*They place table at foot of lounge, and lamp upon stand near C. 1 E.*) Give me that false face. (*Takes and places false face on table so as to face HAYMAKER and the audience. Face should be large, grotesque, and so arranged as to sit upright on table.*) Now for the wig. (*MINNIE takes wig from HAYMAKER's head and gives it to RICHARD, who places it upon mask.*)

MRS. HAY. (*laughing*). That is too ridiculous.

MIN. Mother, you keep still. Richard and I are doing this, and you mustn't make remarks. We have given you all the money, and I am sure that is quite enough. Richard, what next?

RICH. Put him into his own traps. (*Takes traps and springs them on to the toes of HAYMAKER's boots, and fastens chains to table-leg.*) There! when he gets up that old table will travel. Now for the sign. (*Takes paper from frame, which reveals sign reading, "The Granger, or Caught in His Own Trap."*) RICHARD fastens frame back of false face so as to be seen by HAYMAKER when he awakes.) We will take his valise with us, as in all probability it contains his other clothes.

MIN. No. Let's us take the clothes out, and leave the valise. He will want it to carry.

RICH. Just as you like, only be quick. (*MINNIE takes out clothes and closes valise.*) Now put on your things, and let's be off.

MRS. HAY. I do not feel just right, going away and leaving him in this condition.

RICH. I saw a policeman to-day with whom he seemed

to be on familiar terms. His beat is on this street. We will seek him out and send him up. How will that work?

MRS. HAY. That will be much better, and I shall be more at ease. I will go for our things. (*Exit L. 3 E.*)

MIN. Say, Rich, now mother is out of sight, I am going to play a joke of my own. You won't tell, will you?

RICH. Not if it don't interfere with me.

MIN. It won't; so hand me your scissors. (*RICHARD hands them to her.*) I'm going to make one of father's pant-legs like Peggy Short's petticoat — six inches short. (*Cuts off pant leg.*) There, I'll make him a present of it when he gets home. (*Returns scissors and puts the piece of cloth in her pocket.*) Won't father be mad, though, when he awakes!

RICH. Ha, ha, ha! He'll think that evolution has taken a rise. Blest if I could make out a thing he was driving at. Could you?

MIN. No; and never could. It's always something about man's being a monkey, and that's all I know about it. Here comes mother. (*MRS. HAYMAKER enters L. 2 E. with wraps which they put on.*)

MRS. HAY. My conscience almost smites me for going away and leaving him in such a ridiculous position.

RICH. The man who cannot stand a practical joke should never make one. It will do him good. Then, again, it places me in a position to claim your daughter upon honorable terms. Come, let us go. We will remove our disguises when we have a better opportunity.

MIN. I wish I could hide and see him when he awakes.

MRS. HAY. Well, you can't, so follow Richard. John is coming out from under the influence of the drug now. Hurry along. (*RICHARD exit R. C. back, followed by MINNIE and MRS. HAYMAKER. Pause; music.*)

HAY. (*moves uneasily for a moment, mutters to himself, and finally begins to slowly talk.*) It's purty durned evident tu me that — that all men originated frum one, an' — an' the same parental stem; but jest why one man should pan out black an' another yaller, an' why one man should talk Dutch an' another Chinese, I don't quite understand. Why, look a-here, yengster (*lifting himself up and talking to face upon table, at the same time gesticulating with his hands*); if the biblical theory, which states that man got mixed up at the temple of Jupiter Belus. is true, why — (*Pauses and looks steadily at face on table.*) What are ye grinnin' at? Don't ye put eny stock in thet biblical theory? (*Looks at face steadily, then rubs his eyes and looks again.*) Skowhegan plunket! (*Shades his eyes with one hand, and*

*stares at face and frame above it.)* What in thunder's all that! (*Reads.*) "The Granger, or Caught in His Own Trap." What does that mean? (*Looks around bewildered.*) Why, what the devil! (*Starts to his feet and falls back dragging table, lounge, etc., after him. Starts up and falls back again. Tries to kick himself free, and discovers traps.*) Here! what's all this? (*Holds up feet and looks at them.*) By the gods, I'm in traps! (*Clutching excitedly at his pockets.*) My traps, too. Caught in my own traps! (*Snapping them off and springing to his feet.*) Has John Haymaker been swindled? No — no — no! I won't have it so. (*Grabbing for his pockets.*) Where the divil are my pockets? (*Looking at coat.*) Hey! wrong side out? Curse it! Come off here. (*Takes off coat, finds pockets wrong side out, and money gone.*) Great God! I've been robbed. It's a fact, I'VE BEEN ROBBED! (*Racing around stage excited.*) It's a put-up job; they were hired — those youngsters were hired to trap me. I've been drugged — I — John Haymaker, have been drugged and robbed. I've been swindled by swindlers. (*Kicking over chairs, etc., in his rage.*) What a fool! What an old fool! WHAT A CONSUMMATE OLD FOOL!

POLICE. (*appearing in doorway, bowing and scraping.*) Arrah, there! what in the divil are yeez a-doing?

HAY. (*catching up chair and starting for him.*) You are not wanted. Get out of here!

POLICE. (*drawing two revolvers and pointing at HAYMAKER.*) Back wid ye! Back wid ye, and listen to rayson! Back wid ye, I say.

HAY. (*retreating.*) I've been cheated — robbed of twenty thousand dollars.

POLICE. Begorra! I'm glad of it.

HAY. (*starting forward.*) Hey?

POLICE. Back wid ye! (*HAYMAKER stops.*) The man who tempts the dog to bite, and is bitten, is not to be pitied.

HAY. I've travelled, sir, know all their ropes, and consider myself above being bitten.

POLICE. Begorra! yeez have been, it sames, and badly, too. Niver shake money under the nose of a thief, if you want to kape it. Remember that.

HAY. Well, what's to be done? What action would you advise me to take in the matter?

POLICE. Go home and put your head to soak. Whin you foind out that you're an ould fool, you'll know more than you do now, and act wiser.

HAY. (*lifting chair*). Such language to me? Me, John Haymaker. I'll not stand it, sir. (*Starts forward.*)

POLICE. (*pointing revolvers at HAYMAKER*). Back wid ye! I'm a policeman, sor. Don't you take a step further.

(*Picture. HAYMAKER near L. H. C. with uplified chair; POLICEMAN R. C. back with two revolvers pointed at HAYMAKER.*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Country Highway. As curtain rises CALEB JOHNSON is discovered.*

CALEB. If eny man wus ever born with a cloud of ill-luck a-hangin' over them, I'm purty sartin it's me. Jest got my barn newly shingled, an' tu weeks ago a clap o' thunder knocked it all into slivereens, an' yesterday a dose o' bed-bug pizen for saltpetre sent my last farrer cow intu kingdom cum in jest about twenty seconds. The next thing, I s'pose, will be an airthquake a-shakin' Mt. Washington, an' a-dumpin' it down intu my cornfield. Purty good investment, though, if it landed jest right. (*Looking off R.*) Hello! who's that a-comin' up the road? Looks a leetle like Haymaker; but that ain't possible, 'cause John don't dress like that around here, an' then agin, it ain't his nater tu walk an' carry a valise when he kin ride. Should think by the way he travelled that he'd been stung by a hornet. (*Shading his eyes and looking off.*) I van! that is Haymaker, sure's you're born. What under the sun kin hev taken place tu make him walk like that? (*Enter HAYMAKER with valise. He is dressed as in last scene only minus the wig. One pant-leg extremely short. He looks dusty and travel-stained.*) Hello, Haymaker! hed eny trouble?

HAY. (*hurrying across stage L.*). None of your business.

CALEB. W-w-why, sartin it ain't; but I thought ez how it wus only jest neighborly tu ask. Kin I inquire if you've hed eny bad luck?

HAY. No, sir, you can't. You needn't ask anything about it. It's none of your business.

CALEB (*confused*). Why — er — er — course it ain't; but — er — look a-here, John, what makes you so pesky cranky? I wasn't a-tryin' tu harrer your feelin's, not by a long shot, I wasn't.

HAY. Then hold your tongue. Can't meet a man, can you, without asking what has happened? There hasn't anything happened, I tell you. Then, supposing there has; what are you going to do about it?

CALEB (*more confused*). Why — er — nuthin', I s'pose, or — er — that is — nuthin' ez I knows on. Didn't intend tu du nuthin' when I asked you. I kinder wanted tu add, though; that is — er — I did want tu add, that I'd been studyin' that theory o' evolution —

HAY. (*starting toward him with uplifted valise*). Shut right up. You mention evolution to me again, and I'll pummel your old carcass all over the farm. I won't hear it, I tell you. (*Starts off L.*) You're an old meddlesome, wizzled, knock-kneed, and dried-up jackass. (*Exit L. I E.*)

CALEB (*standing for several moments without moving, and gazing after HAYMAKER*). Wa'all, I swow! I'll be blowed if I ever seed John like thet afore. Things hev gone crosswise somewheres, thet's purty sartin. Now, ez John an' I are old neighbors, an' ez he didn't mean haff ez he wus a-sayin'. I kinder guess I'll jog along over tu the house an' find out what's the trouble. 'Twouldn't be no more nor neighborly, anyhow. (*Crosses and exit L. I E.*)

*Scene changes to*

SCENE 2. — *Room in HAYMAKER'S house same as in Act I,*  
 Scene 3. MINNIE seated near window. MRS. HAYMAKER seated R. and ISAAC L.

ISAAC. Well, Minnie, didst thee and Richard startle the Hub with thy zinging and fine acting?

MIN. I guess we did. If you could have seen the pennies roll in you would have thought so, too. We intend to follow it as a profession.

ISAAC. What! zinging on the street? Zure, now — wi' no offence to thee when I zay it — that do be a higher ambition than I did credit thee with possessing.

MIN. Why, Isaac, you know I always possessed a lofty ambition. Something way up. I intend to be great some time. A Nilsson, or Patti, or something like them.

ISAAC. Large peas zeldom grow upon small vines; which means — Drabbit it! thee can consider the meaning thine own zelf.

MIN. Umph! that proverb don't hit my case at all. Here are some that come nearer. Little bombs make more noise than big guns. Small flowers yield the sweetest nectar. Great trees grow from little seeds. The wren 'mong song birds is weak and small; but sings the loudest and best of all. I am little; but — oh, my! Can't I make the powder fly. Isaac, how is that for high? (*Snapping her fingers.*)

ISAAC. Well, well, thee do prattle like a guinea hen. Dash it! zee man who treads on a hoop disdainfully zoon knows it; and he who be blind and hurls the boomerang be domned apt to zee — stars. I be done fooling wi' edged tools like to thyzel; I be, for zartain. What I do want to know be the question as to how thee did zucceed in Boston?

MIN. Well, Isaac, we succeeded splendidly. Everything worked just as we wanted it to. We left father dreaming he was an angel, and I brought home this piece of pant-leg to convince him that he isn't. (*Showing it.*) That makes me think; shouldn't father have come home on the express to-day?

MRS. HAY. He should if everything has worked favorably. If he don't come, I shall feel exceedingly nervous. You are positive that the policeman would not forget to visit him?

MIN. Oh, yes; Richard had it all arranged beforehand. I am sure he will be here, unless he feels too ashamed to come.

ISAAC. The shame be not wi' the robbed zo much as wi' the robbers. Doan't thee know that, my lady?

MIN. Well, father was so proud, and so positive he couldn't be outwitted, that it will work him all up. In order not to be seen he may wait for the night train. The policeman said, though, that he would advise him to return at once.

MRS. HAY. Yes; but your father is a man who acts upon his own judgment exclusively. He wouldn't lose twenty thousand dollars without making some effort to find it. Possibly, on account of urgent business which needs attending to, he may report the case to headquarters, and then return home; but it will not be to remain.

MIN. Well, all we ask for, at least, all I ask for, is just for him to return now.

RICH. (*entering C. door*). And he has. I saw him step off the train at the station, and then, in order to get here first, I took a short cut over the hills. (*Laughing.*) You should have seen him. He sneaked off the rear car like some culprit, and disappeared behind the depot sheds like a shot.

MIN. Did he have on the same clothes?

RICH. The very same. He don't want to be seen, and therefore will probably take the same route that I did. I hurried, and so got here first.

MRS. HAY. Then he will be here shortly. You had better not be seen when he arrives.

RICH. No; I will remain concealed until the storm is over; then, if everything is favorable, will step out and claim my reward.

MIN. Supposing the reward refuses to be claimed, Richard?

RICH. Then I shall do like a defeated pugilist in the ring,—throw up the sponge and call myself whipped.

MIN. Well, don't throw it up until after father arrives. I can hardly wait to see how he will act. Won't it be comical?

ISAAC. The man as loses money be not apt to be in a comical mood. Thee hadst better be wary wi' thy tongue and act clever; doan't thee think zo?

MIN. Oh! I shall be careful; as Richard says, I shall wait until the storm is over. After everything has been explained, I think he will enjoy the joke with the rest. I will watch for him. (*Turns and looks out of window.*)

RICH. Well, if he don't appreciate it, I shall be up a tree, that's all. He will smile, though, when you return him that money—he can't help it.

MIN. Smile, yes; way back behind his ears. O my! there is father coming now. Why, he is climbing over the pasture fence. Now he is taking the path that leads around behind the barn. What is he doing that for? (*All go and look out of window.*)

MRS. HAY. He is most likely trying to get into the house by the back way without being seen.

MIN. That would spoil all the fun. The doors must be fastened.

ISAAC. That do be done already.

MIN. Then he will have to enter this way, or not at all. Where shall we put Richard?

MRS. HAY. In the closet for the present, I think. When he thinks it safe to come out he can do so.

MIN. I will put him in myself. (*Runs across room to L. 3 E., and opens door.*) Come, Richard, you are sentenced for two years.

RICH. If that is all, I am contented. If for life, what then?

MIN. We would make father commute the sentence. Come! hurry up. (*RICHARD enters closet.*) Now, keep out of the jam, and don't try to escape.

RICH. The man who is in prison is not apt to make any promises.

MIN. You have made one in the past that I know of, and you had better keep it, too. (*Shuts door.*) Well, now that father has come, I feel of a flutter.

ISAAC. Zomething like the bird as do be shaking the dust from its feathers.

MIN. Yes; or a dog the raindrops from its hide. Oh! I'm ready for you, Isaac. Hark! I hear a step. (*Runs to window and sits down.* MRS. HAYMAKER *takes book from stand and returns to seat.*)

ISAAC. Drabbit it! then it do be more healthy vor I to be attending to business. (*Goes to dusting chairs, etc. Music.*)

(*Door slowly opens, and HAYMAKER'S head appears. Seeing the occupants of the room he attempts to draw back.*)

MIN. (*perceiving him*). Oh! there's father. (*Runs and throws door wide open.* HAYMAKER *seen standing in doorway.*) Now, father — Why, mother, look here; father has come home in his Granger clothes!

MRS. HAY. (*evincing surprise*). For mercy's sake, John, what did you do that for?

HAY. (*entering house and trying to cover up short pant-leg with valise*). Got a right to, haven't I? Nobody's business, is it, what John Haymaker dresses in?

MRS. HAY. No; only if you are going to appear ridiculous, do it away from home, among strangers. You never wore that suit home from Boston before, that I know of. What possessed you to do so at the present time?

HAY. For a change. The world is full of changes, you know. Too many of them. (*Crosses to R. 3 E.*) Where is my black suit?

MRS. HAY. In the bedroom. Why don't you put on the suit in the valise — the one you wore away?

HAY. (*snappishly*). Had I wanted the suit in the valise, I could have put it on, couldn't I? I know what I want, don't I? I want the black suit.

MRS. HAY. You haven't come home very good-natured, I should judge. Haven't been having any bad luck, have you?

HAY. (*advancing front*). Look here, Mrs. Haymaker, it isn't always policy to know the truth. You are too inquisitive altogether. Would it benefit you to know that I had encountered trouble? If you want happiness, keep trouble in ignorance. Good advice, isn't it? (*Turns to R. 3 E.*)

MIN. (*pointing to HAYMAKER'S legs*). O father! what is the matter with your trousers? One leg is shorter than the other, and looks as if it had been cut off.

HAY. (*turning back again*). Minnie, you are more inquisi-

tive than your mother. A good Granger always wears one pant-leg shorter than the other. Didn't you know that?

MIN. What for?

HAY. To represent shortage. Most farmers are always short, you know. (*Turns to R. again.*)

ISAAC. I do be going to wear both trousers legs short in the future, that's vor zartain.

MRS. HAY. John, something has gone wrong with you. I can see it in your face. You have not only come home ahead of your time, but have taken occasion to walk when you always ride, and not only that, you undertook to steal in by the back way unobserved. I know it, because I saw you. Now what is the reason?

HAY. (*drags chair to C., sits down, and places valise across his knees*). Mrs. Haymaker, if you will persist in learning the plain and sober facts, I shall endeavor to render them to the best of my ability. Remember, though, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise;" and the woman who out of curiosity opens a secret trap, is apt to be frightened by rats. (*Mopping his brow with handkerchief.*) Are you prepared to listen?

MRS. HAY. I am prepared for any explanation you are willing to render.

MIN. Tell us all about the fun you had, and how you played it on them with the traps. (*ISAAC leans over back of chair L., listening.*)

HAY. (*moving uneasily*). Yes; I will — I will. The boy whose Fourth of July racket wound up with knocks and bruises, one eye out, and three fingers splintered, had lots of fun. Did you say you were ready to listen?

MRS. HAY. Why, certainly.

MIN. Yes — yes.

HAY. (*shifting one leg over the other*). Well, now, look here; you wouldn't consider that a shrewd business man who had handled money for over forty years without an error, and who should finally make one, was in his dotage, would you? Wouldn't consider him to be sliding back into his second childhood, eh?

MRS. HAY. Everybody is subjected more or less to errors and mistakes.

HAY. Wouldn't consider that a train despatcher knew any less, who had despatched trains with the precision of clock-work for half of his life, because he finally run two engines together? Wouldn't be unfit for business, would he, and incapable of holding future office?

MRS. HAY. I should consider that the accident would only lead him to be the more cautious in the future.

HAY. (*mopping his brow with handkerchief, and shifting legs*). Why, look here; we send our most intelligent men to Congress to enact laws that shall be beneficial to a nation's welfare; but even then, mistakes are made that have to be rectified in the future. Pieces of silver have passed through our national mint, under the most observant eyes, and come out stamped alike on both sides. Wouldn't think the men who made them, or who framed our laws, were fools, or growing foolish, would you?

MRS. HAY. I certainly should not.

HAY. Now, here is the point. I have made the workings of crooks a special study. Gold-brick swindlers, pickpockets, confidence men, hotel and house sneaks, burglars, penny-weighters, shoplifters, panel-game workers, counterfeiterers, and disciples of the badger game, are as familiar to me as the tricks of wild cattle. I know all of their cues, and consider myself above being caught; but because I have been caught, does it signify that John Haymaker is demented, or is not posted in the ways of blacklegs?

MIN. You haven't been robbed, have you, father?

MRS. HAY. John, is it possible? Have you been outwitted at last? I told you how it would happen.

HAY. (*slinging valise across stage R., and mopping his brow with handkerchief*). Of course you did. I knew that would come next. Never knew any one to have trouble but "I told you so," would be shouted by somebody. I haven't been outwitted. They can't outwit John Haymaker, I tell you; but in a moment of weakness, a — a — moment of damnable blanked idiocy, I have lost twenty thousand dollars. There! the secret's out, so make of it what you will. (*Jumps up and paces floor.*)

MIN. O my!

MRS. HAY. (*apparently excited*). John, I can't believe it.

HAY. Well, don't. I should feel much easier if you wouldn't; but it is a sad and solemn fact that I have.

ISAAC. You bean't turned around, zomewhat — zomething like a boy lost in the woods, bean't ye, Measter Haymaker?

HAY. Do I turn around zo (*imitating ISAAC as in first Act*), as you do, you fool, and go to star-gazing? And another thing: make mention of the loss I have sustained outside of the family, and I'll knock your infernal head off. You understand?

ISAAC. I be dumb, Measter Haymaker — domned dumb for the present. vor zartain. (*Aside.*) It be better vor I to talk less, and think more.

MRS. HAY. Twenty thousand dollars! Why, John, it will ruin us. Do explain yourself; how did it happen?

HAY. (*stopping C. R.*) Got to pry it all out of me, eh? Pry it all out like a lawyer prying a witness? Well, here are the main points, and you can fill in to suit yourself. Street singers—charity—evolution—tenement house up six stories—hot coffee—drugged—insulted and robbed, and all done by a jackass of a boy and girl not old enough to be without a guardian.

MIN. (*laughing*). Ha! ha! ha!

HAY. What are you laughing at, you hussy?

MIN. To think of my father, with all his cunning, being robbed by a boy and a girl. It is too comical for anything. (*Laughs.*)

HAY. (*walking the floor*). Yes, it is mighty comical. Had I been beaten by sharpers, I could have derived some comfort in the thought; but to think that I, John Haymaker, a self-made man, with money in bonds, at interest, and in the banks, and one of the largest land-owners in the State, who is noted for shrewdness and business capacity, should be victimized by babes, is humiliating in the extreme.

MRS. HAY. Well, John, however much we regret the loss, you must admit there was something shrewd in their actions, after all.

HAY. (*stopping near C. of room*). Look here! If those two children who—yes, I'll say it—who outwitted John Haymaker, would come to me and confess, I'd give 'em a thousand dollars and a position for life. I would, by Heaven!

MIN. Father, you don't mean it. If such a thing should happen, you would annihilate them on the spot.

HAY. I wouldn't. The one I curse is myself. I admire those striplings; not for the crime they have committed, but for being sharp enough to outwit John Haymaker. I say I would forgive them, and give them a position for life.

MIN. Do you hope to die that you would?

HAY. Did Haymaker ever tell a lie? Say?

MIN. Not that I know of; but it would be a surprise, you know. Supposing I should turn into a magician and bring them up before you, what would you do?

HAY. Look here, my girl, this affair is too serious for trifling. You don't realize the value of twenty thousand dollars, or you would not look at the matter so lightly.

MIN. I know my father is a man of his word, and I am going to trust him. I am going to turn into a magician, and bring those two children right into this room; and when you

see them, you must do just as you agreed. Now look out of the window, and don't turn around until mother tells you to. Will you?

HAY. What for?

MIN. Because I want you to.

MRS. HAY. Do as she wants you to, John, and you will not be sorry.

HAY. (*crossing to window C. R.*). Oh, yes; I'll smash the whole thing out if required. Feel just like it.

(*Music. MINNIE crosses to closet, opens door, RICHARD emerges, and both exit noiselessly R. 3 E.*)

MRS. HAY. You can turn around now, John. (*JOHN turns around.*) Now I want you to make me a promise. You are going to be surprised; I will tell you that to begin with. Promise that, whatever you discover, you will take your discomfiture in good part. Say that you will act the part of a man.

HAY. Always did, didn't I?

MRS. HAY. To my certain knowledge you have. Now I understand there is an agreement, or bet, between you and Richard, which was made before you went to Boston. Is it not so?

HAY. (*turning upon her quickly*). Hey? Oh, yes! the youngster had a freak — I had forgotten it — forgotten the circumstance entirely. What of it?

MRS. HAY. Oh, nothing! only the one who was beaten was to submit willingly to the bargain agreed upon. All I ask is, if necessary, you will fulfil the agreement.

HAY. (*turning to ISAAC*). Isaac, what is she driving at? (*ISAAC shakes his head and points to his mouth to signify that he is dumb.*) Very well, if you can keep your mouth shut for once, it is a good thing. Well, Martha, so long as you know all about that little affair with Richard, perhaps it is reasonable to suppose that he robbed me. Shall I have him arrested?

MRS. HAY. Wait for a few moments, and we will decide. Stand where you are, and whatever takes place, submit with good grace, and you will not regret it.

(*Music. RICHARD and MINNIE enter R. 3 E. disguised as in Act 2. They bow to HAYMAKER, who stares at them in amazement, then to the audience, and then advance front. They can repeat the bar-room song, or sing another as desired. During song CALEB JOHNSON enters C. D. unobserved. When song is finished, RICHARD and MINNIE*

*turn and bow to HAYMAKER, then stand one R. the other L., and await developments. HAYMAKER pauses a moment, then steps forward and pulls off the head-gear from the head of each, and steps back.)*

HAY. (*looking first at disguises and then at MINNIE and RICHARD*). Look here! are you — you don't mean — Thunder and Mars! you are not pretending to palm yourselves off upon me as the two street singers I saw in Boston?

RICH. The very same, Mr. Haymaker.

HAY. Martha, have they been to the city?

MRS. HAY. They returned last evening, John.

HAY. There has been a plot, then. Well, did you and my daughter so disguise as to deceive me even in your singing?

RICH. It seems that we did, sir.

HAY. And robbed me in the tenement house?

RICH. We took your money, sir, all of which is in the possession of Mrs. Haymaker. All stratagems are fair in love or war, you know.

HAY. (*looking at them sharply for a moment*). I — I won't believe it! Curse it, you could never have so deceived me. I won't believe it without the proof.

MIN. I took the proof with me, father. (*Throwing him piece of pant-leg.*) There it is. See if it will fit.

MRS. HAY. And here is the twenty thousand dollars safe and sound. (*Showing the money.*)

HAY. (*after a pause, and throwing disguises, etc., over on to valise*). Well, it's beginning to dawn upon me that I'm a confounded old fool.

CALEB. Sorter been playin' a practical joke upon ye, hain't they, Haymaker?

HAY. (*turning around*). Hello, Caleb! you here? Followed me home to see if I was crazy, eh?

CALEB. Wa'all, not exactly; that is, not altogether. You see, you wus so sort o' cranky back there in the lane, that I thought I'd jest slip over an' see if you'd got onwound yet. Reckon, from what I kin obsarve, that you have.

HAY. Yes, Caleb; unwound to the last catch. Say! overlook the language I applied to you a short time since. It was given under pressure of excitement, and was uncalled for.

CALEB. Oh, that's all right, John. I hain't laid up nuthin' agin ye, not a thing. Reckon you've got the wust of it, arter all.

ISAAC. Zure if he hasn't, it be not the fault of — (*Recollecting himself.*) Drabbit it! I do be dumb and be a-speaking at the same time.

HAY. Oh, I am beat and will acknowledge it; and in an entirely original way. (*Turning to RICHARD.*) Richard, when John Haymaker gives his word he will keep it if the sky falls. In one sense of the word you have beaten me, and I admire you for it. I admit that I thought lightly of your proposition, and that it slipped entirely from my mind. I also realize that you accomplished your end through the united efforts of my family; but it only leads me to admire you the more, for the remarkable genius you have displayed. If Minnie is the prize you are seeking, you can have her, and I will add the thousand dollars accordingly as I promised.

RICH. Thank you, sir; Minnie is all the prize I ask. (*Crosses to her near R. I E.*)

HAY. I also will add, that, though I still advocate the theory of evolution, and am willing to sustain my sentiments at all times and places, I hope it will never again serve as the principal tool to catch John Haymaker in his own trap.

#### POSITION OF CHARACTERS.

CALEB.

MRS. HAYMAKER.

HAYMAKER.

RICHARD AND MINNIE.

ISAAC.

R.

L.

CURTAIN.



# IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP; OR, THE STOLEN DESPATCHES.

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## SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Capt. Oliphant's home in the North. An unfinished honeymoon. The call of duty. A wife's anguish. "My hand girt on the sword that will be raised against my father!" The rebel spy. **THE STOLEN DESPATCHES.** "He is Madge's father! Rather a thousand times my own disgrace, than be his executioner." The penalty of silence. **DISGRACED.**

ACT II. **SCENE I.** Irish and negro. Colored dentistry. **SCENE II.** The prison. A little story over a bottle of wine. "I understand. Good bye, old friend, and may Heaven bless you." **THE ESCAPE.** A shot in the dark. "Now, my lady Madge, by fair or foul means you must be mine." **SCENE III.** Dead to the world. A wife's devotion. "I must bear it all for Malcolm's sake." A warning. "There is peril everywhere for friends of rebels." A false knave. "To remain is certain death!" **TO THE RESCUE.**

ACT III. **SCENE I.** The camp. "If I could only hear from Madge!" The flower girl. The price of a passport. "I pay it, but to only one." Husband and wife. "What is this woman to you?" A conundrum whose answer is death. "For the love of Heaven, get me the pass!" **THE DESERTER.** **SCENE II.** The villain's suit renewed. "Why not; your husband no longer lives." The lie in his teeth. Misunderstood. "Can you not trust your wife?" **RECAPTURED.** **SCENE III.** **SENTENCED TO DEATH.** "You will sometime know that Malcolm Oliphant died for another's crime — true to the Union — true to the last." **A REPRIEVE.** The spy's death. "We have plotted together and die together." **REUNITED.**

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## SYNOPSIS.

ACT. I. Scene, Squire Fitzgerald's Home, in Wicklow. Rose's story of Desmond's arrival. Shaun Cary hears a bit of valuable news. Barney O'Brady meets an unexpected visitor and shows him the door. Ileen and Barney. The Fugitive. The arrival of the soldiers. Capt. Beck quarrels with the Squire. The defence. The murder. THE ARREST. ACT. II. *Scene I*: A Landscape. Cary and the Captain plot the abduction of Rose. Douglass' dilemma 'twixt love and duty. *Scene II*: The Prison. Barney's cell. Hot Irish in a stone jug. A friend in need. The red coat. *Scene III*: Rose receives a false message. *Scene IV*: Desmond's cell. The Death Warrant. Celt and Saxon. Barney a guard. The death knell. THE ESCAPE.

ACT III. *Scene I*: O'Byrnes' Wood. The purty girl milking her cow. Barney proposes to Ileen. Desmond hears bad news. Barney, in the guise of a soldier, gets important information from Cary. *Scene II*: Exterior of Beck's Castle by moonlight. Rose a Captive. Barney brings good news. The proposal and refusal. The ass kicks. The false captive. THE RESCUE.

ACT IV. *Scene*: Corrigmór at Sunrise. Shaun Cary a captive. The arrival of Nano and Ileen. Tracked by Beck. Nano keeps Beck at Bay. The duel. Cary's shot. Beck's death. The "SHAMROCK AND ROSE."

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